

NEW YORK
AND
JERUSALEM

Edwin L. Buel

FROM

NEW YORK TO JERUSALEM

OR

NOTES OF FOREIGN TRAVEL.

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PREFACE.

THE following notes of a tour in Europe and the East, made many years ago, were, on their first appearance, kindly received by many readers.

In putting them into this more permanent form, the author would not be understood to claim for them the merit of novelty ; he only believes that details are given here and there in these pages which do not often find their way into books of travel.

If some of the allusions to persons or places betray the remoteness of the period when the observations were made, the reader will please bear in mind that one of the peculiar charms of a foreign tour consists in the antiquity of the objects he sees and the localities he visits ; hence, the interest attaching to the perusal of such a work is not dependent upon the date of the journey it describes.

The author of this little itinerary hopes that its outlines will furnish some profitable information to those who have not been abroad, while it serves to awaken many delightful memories in the minds of others who have enjoyed that privilege.

MILFORD, CONN., July 1, 1881.

I.

INTRODUCTORY.

Ho! for a trip to the Old World. But do not be in haste to start on your journey. Reflect a moment on the strangeness of designating one portion of the globe in distinction from another—the *Old World*—as if indeed the creation of the Eastern hemisphere ante-dated that of the Western, whereas, in reality, on the authority of so distinguished a *savant* as Agassiz, America, and not Europe, is entitled by priority of existence, to be so named. “First born among the Continents,” he says, in his *Geological Sketches*, chap. 1, “though so much later in culture and civilization than some of more recent birth, America, so far as her physical history is concerned, has been falsely denominated the *New World*. Hers was the first dry land lifted out of the waters; hers the first shore washed by the ocean that enveloped all the earth beside; and while Europe was only represented by islands rising here and there above the sea, America already stretched in one unbroken line of land (elsewhere called the *Laurentian hills*), from Nova Scotia to the far West.”

In alluding, then, to Europe as the Old World, which we may correctly do by common acceptance,

and also in accordance with those facts, which constitute the history of nations, it will be well for us to bear in mind that we Americans really inhabit the *oldest* piece of land on the globe. This fact to the contrary, however, there is an air of antiquity about almost every thing one sees abroad, which is calculated to impress the stranger with awe and reverence.

This age of ours has been called, *par excellence*, a traveling age, and Americans seem to have won the reputation above all competitors of being a nation of travelers. There is a certain compound word descriptive of the representative Yankee—a word which, better than any other, explains his roving propensity—viz: *go-ahead-a-tive-ness*. It is not found in any of the dictionaries, but its use in this connection will be pardoned for the sake of its comprehensive expressiveness. It seems to combine these four elements of character: energy, pluck, enthusiasm, and curiosity—perhaps a little more of the last feature than either of the other three. It must certainly be admitted that we Yankees are an uncommonly inquisitive race, manifesting that disposition sometimes in laudable ways, and again in directions not so much to our praise. There is reason to fear that many of our countrymen who travel in Europe discredit their nation, in the opinion of foreigners, and return home without reaping any of the benefits which may accrue to those who visit other lands, not unduly prejudiced in favor of their own, and determined to find whatever of good there may be in all.

A popular author has said: "It is but to be able to

say that they have been to such a place, or have seen such a thing, that more, than any real taste for it, induces the majority of the world to incur the trouble and fatigue of traveling."

In a word, it has recently become very fashionable to "go abroad," as the phrase is; and it cannot be doubted that many travel simply because it is the proper thing to do. Such persons meekly endure the trials of their journey in a devoted spirit of martyrdom, wishing all the time that they were at home. Returning at last, they know just enough about the localities they have visited to tell their names and pronounce them with exquisite foreign accent. They do not speak of Paris, but *Pa-ree*; not Versailles, but *Vare-sigh*; not Berlin, but *Bere-leen*; not Mount Blanc, but *Maw Blaw*, and so on. If, however, one would not very seriously embarrass them, he must be careful not to inquire with any minuteness about particular cathedrals, or palaces, or galleries of paintings, for if any one propounds such queries, he will receive only the most indefinite and incoherent kind of replies.

It ought to be the rule with every one that proposes to himself a foreign tour, not to undertake it until he has made himself, by personal observation, somewhat familiar with the most interesting features of his own land. Suppose an American, who had never seen Niagara or the great lakes, traveling through Europe: On the journey he encounters an intelligent Englishman who asks him some question about the wonderful cataract in America, or those

immense inland seas of fresh water, of which he has heard so much. "Really," responds the American, "I must confess that I never visited those parts of the country." "What!" naturally exclaims the stranger; "is it possible? Have not seen Niagara or the lakes? and here you are thousands of miles from home. Pardon me, but I must consider you a very poor patriot that you do not better appreciate the marvels of your own glorious country." But oh! there's the ocean, and we have not crossed it yet. Well, it is not strange that one who is just embarking for his first voyage should feel many secret misgivings on the subject. Those treacherous winds, those unstable waves, and the great steamer, soon to be at the mercy of both. But, even if the winds and the waves behave themselves decorously, here is this huge leviathan of the deep, with its ponderous machinery, liable to fracture or derangement, and underneath, those blazing furnace fires, like small-edition volcanoes, that may burst their boundaries and scatter death and destruction around without a moment's warning. But why borrow trouble? There are perils on the land as well as on the sea. "Nothing venture, nothing win." Thinking, then, only of pleasant things to come, and committing our way to the Lord, we embark. The last farewells are spoken, the parting glances of friends exchanged, and the great steamer moves majestically from the pier amid the huzzas of the assembled multitude. Down the beautiful bay she glides, and passing the Narrows, is soon heading to sea, outward bound. Ere the sun

sinks beneath the horizon the harbor pilot has been discharged, and the last strip of land has faded from sight. Then comes home-sickness and heart-sickness, and another kind of malady more directly connected with the *stomach*, the particulars of which need not be described.

We will now suppose nine or ten days to have passed by. It is easy enough to annihilate time and space *on paper*, if not in actual fact. An ocean voyage is necessarily more or less monotonous; but, it is a tedium varied by some excitements in the shape of an occasional storm, (which the timid passengers would be glad enough to discount), an iceberg now and then, or a shoal of porpoises, a flock of sea-gulls, a distant sail, or steamer. Then one never tires of watching the splendid phosphorescence of the sea, at night, and the bright shining of the stars in the boundless expanse of heaven—so perfect a counterpart to the unbroken waste of waters. At the expiration of the eighth or ninth day, the cry of “Land ho!” is heard, filling all hearts with gladness, and after another day’s steaming, the ship ploughs its way grandly up the Mersey, and casts anchor at Liverpool, where we rest for the present.

II.

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON.

Liverpool may be called the city of magnificent docks. They stretch along the water front for a distance of many miles, and constitute the grandest specimens of heavy stone masonry in the British Kingdom. If there are any finer docks than these in the world, I have yet to hear of them.

Admitting ships of the heaviest tonnage within their ponderous enclosures, they securely guard them against the severest storms, enabling the craft to ride peacefully at anchor while the winds howl, and the waves dash upon the stony ramparts. Beyond this feature of interest, there is nothing specially noteworthy in the city. It is almost wholly given up to commerce.

Across the Mersey is Birkenhead (situated relatively to Liverpool as Jersey City is to New York), where the Messrs. Laird's great ship yards are located, and where the famous "Alabama" was built; the costliest vessel, I opine that ever went forth from their establishment, not so much in the actual price paid to its builders, as in the damages awarded to those who suffered from its depredations. (A sensible suggestion on this point was recently made by a writer in an English newspaper, to the effect that the Messrs. Laird be levied upon by the Queen's govern-

ment to the tune of one million pounds sterling or thereabouts, as a just consideration for their haste to be rich at the expense of their neutrality toward a friendly power at war with its rebellious citizens.)

But we must be off for London, whither we speed by rail, in superb cars (or carriages, as the English will persist in calling them), over a road built with far more solidity than our American railways. I know of no road in this country which approaches so near to the foreign standard in the substantial character of all its appointments as the Pennsylvania Central.

In England the railroad bridges are all constructed of stone, and the road-bed is gravelled, in most instances. The track seldom crosses a carriage road on the same level, being always above or below it. So there are none of those distressing accidents at crossings, of which we so often hear in this country.*

In darting through the country at forty or fifty miles an hour, one notes the prevalence again of stone in the construction of the houses, scarcely a wooden structure to be seen, even in the smallest towns. This, among other things, helps one realize that he is in an *old* country—yes, a country that was old before Columbus discovered America.

The luxuriance of vegetation and the richness of verdure in every direction, lead one to exclaim, as he surveys the landscape, "Old England is a perfect

* In the few instances of the railway crossing the carriage road on the grade the place is guarded by gates, with an attendant to manage them.

garden." But look! there in the distance is London. You strain your eyes to catch the first glimpse of the vast metropolis, and what do you see? Nothing but *smoke*. The train rushes on over the house-tops, each roof containing a good supply of chimneys, and each chimney provided with plenty of what they call chimney-pots, and each one of these articles aforesaid sending forth any quantity of smoke. One quickly perceives that he is entering the confines of a great city, and soon he finds himself ready to alight from the cars in one of the grand railway stations of London. (The English, by the way, never call such structures *dépôts*. They apply that word only to warehouses for the storage of goods; the terminus, or landing place of a railroad is a *station*. Perhaps it may be worth our while to follow their excellent example in the correct use of language.)

One of England's greatest poets has drawn this picture of London:

"A mighty mass of brick, and smoke, and shipping,
 Dirty and dusky, but as wide as eye
 Could reach; with here and there a sail just skipping
 In sight, then lost amid the forestry
 Of masts; a wilderness of steeples peeping
 On tip-toe through their sea-coal canopy,
 A huge dun cupola, like a fool's cap crown
 On a fool's head; and there is London town."

It is one vast maze, a labyrinth of houses great and small, extending over a space which measures on the average twenty miles in diameter. A few of the streets are laid out in a straight line, but most of

them are exceedingly tortuous; one (Regent street) describing a perfect semicircle. Some of these thoroughfares are quite wide and imposing in their general appearance, but the majority (at least in the older parts of the city) are narrow and far from pleasant, either for residences or business houses.

The sidewalks are crowded with a compact mass of humanity through the day and far into the night, and the mid-spaces are perpetually full of 'buses (i. e., omnibuses), hansom cabs, hackney coaches, dog carts, (a genteel kind of two-wheeled vehicle in which the richest people often ride), and wagons of every possible size and shape.

If one attempts a crossing under such circumstances, it is only at the peril of his limbs, if not of his life. Broadway, at the corner of Fulton street, in its most crowded condition, is no circumstance to Cheapside, near St. Paul's.

As a relief to the dull monotony of brick and mortar, there are a few large parks, which seem like breathing holes in the dense atmosphere; while, as a pleasant variation of the scene, the river Thames winds its serpentine course along through the southern section of the city.

Of all the open spaces of public resort, Hyde Park is the most distinguished, both for its size, as for the multitudes who on every fine day throng its walks and roads. (I should here explain, that to an Englishman, the day is a "fine" one, when it showers, say half a dozen times, or even sets into a steady drizzle. A Londoner really seems to enjoy his daily

or hourly rain. It is never safe there to go forth without an umbrella.)

Unlike our Central Park, or the Bois de Boulogne of Paris, Hyde Park is situated almost in the heart of the city. Neither does it abound, like the others, in miniature bridges, sparkling cascades, or lovely bits of landscape gardening. It consists simply of a well cultivated area of grass-grown ground, hundreds of acres in extent, laid out with an abundance of space for promenades and drives.

Here, during the "season" may be seen between 4 and 6 o'clock every afternoon, the nobility, in their splendid equipages, with liveried coachmen and footmen, the driver often sitting astride of one of the pole-horses. A large number of equestrians frequent the bridle path prepared for them with loose earth, in a line parallel with and contiguous to the main carriage road.

I have spoken of the smokiness of London. Everything in consequence presents a rather dismal and sombre appearance.

Whatever may be the original color of the material used in the construction of a house, in a year or two after erection it will assume the same monotonous sooty hue which envelopes the city like a pall.

Here, for instance, is the grand old cathedral, St. Paul's, an immense marble pile, a splendid specimen of the architectural genius of Sir Christopher Wren.

It would puzzle any beholder to tell what kind of dark stone constitutes the substance of its walls and ponderous dome, while the truth is, all that wretched

soot which issued from the furnaces consuming the bituminous coal of the country, and rested on those pinnacles, and turrets, buttresses and architraves, covers what was once *pure white marble*.

St. Paul's, besides serving the ordinary purposes of a cathedral, contains a large number of monumental tablets and statues erected in memory of distinguished statesmen and scholars, poets and divines. At the spring of the immense dome there is a famous whispering gallery, where, by placing his ear against the wall, one can hear with perfect distinctness words spoken in the lowest tone of voice by a person on the opposite side, more than seventy-five feet distant.

Spanning the Thames (which is a very muddy and unclean looking river) are a dozen or more of heavy stone bridges, located at convenient intervals, to accommodate the vast internal traffic of the city; the most famous of these bears the name of London Bridge. Over it pass and repass daily thousands of vehicles and scores of thousands of human beings.

The ferry boats which ply up and down the Thames are interesting relics of antiquity.

In America they would hardly be considered fit to serve as tug boats. Miserable, contracted and disagreeable modes of conveyance they are. Instead of being furnished with signal bells, for communication between the pilot and engineer, a boy stands midway between the two, and watching the movements of the pilot's hands, sings out the orders, "Ease her," "Stop her," "Back her," or "Go ahead," as the case may be.

It scarcely seems credible that with all their per-

fection of detail in many things, the English should be so slow to adopt the simplest kinds of improved apparatus for the management of their river steamers.*

The smoke-pipes are made capable of being lowered, in order to avoid collision with the arches of the bridges, under which they have to pass so frequently. To an American the sight is novel and amusing, as these boats approaching a bridge lower their pipes, and having passed raise them again to the perpendicular.

In speaking, just now, of the street scenes of London, I should have mentioned the boys, poor urchins, who run long by the side of the 'buses, turning somersaults for the pennies which the passengers may throw them. I have seen the little fellows thus keep abreast of the 'bus, block after block, until it would seem they must fall down from sheer exhaustion.

But our rambles must close here for to-day.

*In this year of grace, 1881, it is reported that the ferry companies on the Thames are about to introduce a few steamboats of the American model. This is an improvement imperatively demanded by the wants of the traveling public. It is necessary also for the sake of consistency with the magnificent "embankment" built recently, as an ornament to the river and a grand promenade for vehicles and pedestrians.

III.

LONDON.

In describing some of the most interesting sights of London and vicinity, I must content myself with very brief and imperfect sketches, only pausing here and there to give a more complete account of some locality which may be worthy of special attention. The truth is, London is so immense, and contains such a vast amount of interesting institutions, that one is thoroughly bewildered, either in trying to visit them, or in essaying to convey any adequate idea of them to another.

I have already spoken of St. Paul's Cathedral as serving the purpose both of a sanctuary and of a mausoleum. To a far greater extent is this two-fold use of a great religious edifice exemplified in the case of Westminster Abbey, within whose walls divine service is celebrated every day in the year, with preaching every Sabbath; and in whose vaults repose the ashes of nearly all of the deceased members of the royal families of England, from Edward the Confessor to George the Second. Here also lie the remains of hundreds of England's greatest and best men.

This Abbey was founded in the 7th century by Sebert, King of the Saxons. Having been destroyed by the Danes, it was rebuilt by King Edgar in 958.

In 1245 Edward II. commenced building the present structure, which has received many additions in succeeding reigns. Almost every inch of the walls—to the height of (say) twenty feet above the stone pavement—is occupied with marble slabs, scrolls, tablets, and *bas reliefs*, each bearing its appropriate epitaph in memory of him whose dust is interred beneath.

In passing along the South Transept or Poet's Corner, one marks such names as Ben Johnson and John Milton and Thomas Gray, Geoffrey Chaucer and John Dryden and Joseph Addison, Thomas Campbell and Robert Southey and William Shakespeare. To this list of names, "which were not born to die," have been more recently added those of Charles Dickens and David Livingstone.

Shakspeare's monument consists of a pedestal, surmounted by a life-size marble statue of the great dramatist, who is leaning with his right arm upon a pillar, whereon rests a scroll inscribed with these lines from one of his plays, at which he points with his left hand :

"The cloud-capp'd towers ; the gorgeous palaces ;
The solemn temples, the great globe itself ;
Yea, all which it inherit shall dissolve,
And like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind."

Passing on, we read the names of Geo. Fred. Handel, the eminent musical composer ; Sir Isaac Newton ; Pitt, the great Commoner of England ; Pitt, Earl of Chatham ; Canning, Fox, Sheridan, Macaulay, and Wilberforce.

In standing by the resting place of England's Reformer, one cannot but be impressed by the beauty of the inscription setting forth the principal features of his eventful life. As a contrast to that epitaph just quoted, as well as for its intrinsic worth, I here reproduce it verbatim :

" To the memory of
WILLIAM WILBERFORCE,

Born in Hull, November 24, 1754.

Died in London, July 29th, 1833. For nearly

half a century member of the House of Commons,

and for six Parliaments during that period, one of the two Representatives from Yorkshire. In an age and country fertile in great and good men, he was among the foremost of those who fixed the character of the times. Because to high and various talents, to warm benevolence and universal candor, he added the abiding eloquence of a Christian life. Eminent as he was in every department of public labor, and a leader in every work of charity, whether to relieve the temporal or spiritual wants of his fellow-men, his name will be specially identified with those exertions which, by the blessing of God, removed from England the guilt of the African slave trade, and prepared the way for the abolition of slavery in every colony of the Empire. In the prosecution of these objects, he relied, not in vain, upon God ; but in the progress, he was called to endure great obloquy and opposition ; he outlived, however, all enmity, and in the evening of his days withdrew from public life and observation to the bosom of his family. Yet he died not unnoticed or forgotten by his country : the Peers and Commons of England, with the Lord Chancellor and Speaker at their head in solemn procession from their respective houses carried him to his resting place among the mighty dead around here to repose, till through the merits of Jesus Christ his only Redeemer and Saviour (whom in his life and writings he had desired to glorify), he shall rise in the resurrection of the just."

The British Museum embraces a collection of Assyrian, Egyptian and Greco-Roman antiquities, besides an endless variety of specimens in Natural History, the whole being so extensive as to demand at least a week's time for a careful inspection. In the library, the reading-room of which is a magnificent rotunda for the general convenience of the public, one can see autograph letters of Calvin, Luther, Mary Queen of Scots, and other distinguished personages; also, some of the earliest specimens of books (MSS.), dating back to the eleventh and twelfth centuries.

In the famous tower of London—a massive stone building erected in the style of mediæval castles, and situated on the Thames, with turrets and moat and port cullis—there is to be seen a superb assortment of weapons and armor of the olden time, with effigies of knights and royal attendants on horseback, all clad in heaviest coats of mail. Here is the room in which Sir Walter Raleigh was confined ten years, the block on which many victims of regal tyranny or mob violence have been beheaded, the executioner's axe, the thumbscrew, and other instruments of torture. Here also is the room where the two young princes were smothered to death by their cruel father, Edward IV. In another apartment the husband of Lady Jane Grey was confined, and afterward led to the scaffold.

Scratched by the prisoners upon the stone walls of this large cell are the following passages of Scripture: "Better it is to go to the house of mourning than to the house of banqueting." "The heart of

the wise is in the mourning house." "It is better to have some chastening than overmuch liberty."

I allude, in passing, to the Parliament building, an imposing pile of modern construction covering an area of many acres, stretching along the banks of the Thames; surmounted by the wonderful clock tower, whose four gigantic dials tell the time of day or night to nearly half of London; to the Thames tunnel—a curious combination of engineering skill and financial folly—a passage-way cut under the river bed and arched over with brick. We also pay our respects to the Zoölogical Gardens, a grand menagerie, (called the "Zoo" for brevity) embracing every variety of bird and beast, and occupying a great park wherein each of the animals enjoys ample space to roam, entirely exempt from annoyance.

Among the stately buildings of London, we would not forget to add to those already mentioned, Buckingham Palace, the city residence of England's noble Queen; the Royal Albert Hall, a monument to the late Prince Consort; Mansion House, the headquarters of the Lord Mayor; Guildhall, where the said Lord Mayor gives his annual banquet; Apsley House, on Hyde Park Corner, the home of the late Duke of Wellington; the Bank of England, occupying one square, and the Royal Gallery of Paintings, which, though not a success in an architectural point of view, is well worthy of a visit for its treasures of art. So, indeed, is the Kensington Museum, which contains a large collection of the paintings of Landseer, Turner, Hogarth and West.

Now for a short run into the suburbs of London : There is Sydenham, with its splendid Crystal Palace, the old Exhibition building of 1851, removed and enlarged, comprising curiosities of all kinds, with specimens of various types of civilization, like the Egyptian chamber, and the Moorish or Alhambra, and so on. The grounds around this building are extensive and ornamental. At intervals one sees models of geologic monsters quietly reposing in cosy nooks. These models, designed by Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins, the eminent English naturalist, correspond to those in our Central Park, which under the *régime* of the Ring were demolished as unsightly and disgusting objects.

At this Sydenham palace we are fortunate enough to attend the great Handel festival, where a chorus of four thousand (including vocal and instrumental performers) rendered selections from the immortal works of that composer. The impression made upon the mind by such a hearing of the Hallelujah chorus can never be effaced from memory.

Here, be it remarked, that while Handel and Bach were fellow-countrymen, and born in the same year (1685), Handel, by his long residence in England, grew so natural to that country as to become the virtual father of the English style of music, while Bach, by his great genius, earned for himself the title of the founder of the German school.

Hampton Court, the ancient palace of Henry VIII., with its magnificent park, is a place no one should fail to see. Passing by its many features of interest,

I mention the natural curiosity of a grapevine in the conservatory, which, at the time of our visit, was ninety-six years old, and bore thirteen hundred clusters annually.

At Kew Gardens one can see the finest botanical exhibition in the kingdom, consisting of exotic trees, plants and shrubs; a hot-house filled with every variety of the *palm*, another exhibiting the *cactus* in all its species. There is but one more of the environs to which my time will allow me to refer, and that is Richmond Hill, a locality which, with its park—in all the primeval simplicity of its grand old oaks—and its distant view of the valley of the Thames, furnishes a scene of quiet beauty that cannot be surpassed.

As one saunters along through these grounds, the eye is attracted toward an inscription painted upon a wooden slab and fastened upon the trunk of one of the trees, as follows:

Lines on James Thomson, the Poet of Nature.

“ Ye who from London’s smoke and turmoil fly,
To seek a purer air and brighter sky,
Think of the bard who dwelt in yonder dell,
Who sang so sweetly what he loved so well.
Think as ye gaze on these luxuriant bowers,
Here Thomson loved the sunshine and the flowers,—
He who could paint in all their varied forms
April’s young bloom, December’s dreary storms.
By yon fair stream which calmly glides along,
Pure as his life, and lovely as his song—
There oft he roved. In yonder churchyard lies

All of the deathless bard that ever dies,
For here his gentle spirit lingers still,
In yon sweet vale, on this enchanted hill,
Flinging a holier influence o'er the grove,
Stirring the heart to poetry and love ;
Bidding us prize the favorite scenes he trod,
And view in Nature's beauties, Nature's God."

IV.

A SUNDAY IN LONDON.

Before we bid farewell to the Metropolis, let us spend a Sabbath there in order to visit a few of the principal churches. The morning of holy time has come, and we find ourselves standing with a crowd of people in front of Mr. Spurgeon's great Tabernacle waiting, not for the moving of the waters as they of old at the pool of Bethesda, but for the opening of the gates admitting one to the enclosure immediately surrounding the church.

The building, whose general style of architecture is very unlike the conventional standard of a sacred edifice, has upon its *façade* a grand portico upheld by a row of high and massive columns, and surmounting the main roof a well-rounded and moderately imposing dome.

On entering, one finds the interior arrangements of the auditorium in perfect keeping with the secular or even theatrical appearance of the exterior.

There are two tiers of galleries extending around three sides of the room. Mr. Spurgeon, who, by the way, is a man of medium height, "thick-set" (to use a colloquialism), with smooth* and pleasant face, enters on a level with the first tier and takes his seat beside a little table.

There is nothing which could be called a pulpit.

* In his later years he has worn a full beard.

When the good man rises to speak or pray, he stands forth in view of the vast congregation (numbering not far from 7,000), with a simple rail before him, the open balustrade of the platform.

In a perfectly unaffected and simple manner, with a clear and sonorous voice, he opens the exercises by an earnest invocation for the divine blessing.

After announcing the hymn, which he repeats verse by verse as the people sing, a precentor steps forward on a platform below the minister (where also the deacons sit), and "starts" the tune. There is no musical instrument in the house, yet in a moment after the leader has begun, a grand wave of harmony goes rolling over the assembly like the sound of many waters.

The pastor accompanies the reading of Scripture with frequent expository remarks. In preaching, he uses no MSS., but waxes warm and eloquent over every subject which he undertakes to unfold from the word of God.

Fluent of utterance, abundant in illustration, using language adapted to the understanding of common people, with a mind enriched by much reading of the old English divines, and a heart full of love for his fellow-men, Mr. Spurgeon so preaches Christ as to draw multitudes unto the cross. Long may he be spared to labor for his Master among the middling classes of London. There is special need of offering this prayer, now that he is suffering for a second or third time from a severe attack of disease. And no wonder that his powers are beginning to fail (though

only in middle life), for, in addition to his pastoral work, he has, during many years, superintended the operations of a Theological Seminary connected with his church, besides editing a religious journal and publishing many volumes of sermons, together with a few miscellaneous productions of his pen.

Dr. Cumming is another of the distinguished metropolitan divines. He is a Scotchman, a fine scholar and pleasant speaker. His church edifice, situated in a very unattractive locality, on a narrow court or lane off the Strand, is quite small, not accommodating at the highest estimate more than 500 hearers.

The Doctor is much past his prime.* His style of preaching is simple and logical, besides thoroughly Scriptural; his prayers earnest and full of feeling. Like Spurgeon, he comments freely in reading from the Bible. While listening to the forcible and evangelical utterances of this venerable divine, one cannot but regret that Dr. Cumming should have been, in years past, led into such extreme views and dogmatic statements touching the fulfillment of prophecy as to suffer somewhat in his reputation for sound judgment, and impair, in a measure, his otherwise great influence for good.

Passing by old Surrey Chapel, a strange looking polygonal building (virtually circular in shape), dark with age (and smoke), in which the sainted Rowland Hill used to preach, where the Rev. Newman Hall now proclaims the glad tidings, an edifice which is soon to give way to a new and more spacious meeting-house; passing, also, by the Regent Square

* Departed this life in 1881.

Church, of which the late James Hamilton was the successful pastor for a quarter century, we will step into a very plain and unpretentious brick structure, to hear the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, a man of God, in whom there is no guile.*

Here, a precentor occupies a small desk beneath that of the minister, and at the announcement of each hymn, holds up at the end of a long iron rod, a placard containing the number of the page on which the tune to be sung is found.

A singular feature of the service in this church consists in the preaching of a short sermon to Christians, followed by a hymn, after which the pastor rises in his place, and selecting another text, preaches a second and distinct discourse to those who make no profession of religion.

Whether this peculiar arrangement is usually observed or not, I am unable to say. I only speak from personal observation on one occasion.

Not to be guilty of religious dissipation (an extreme even in good things being undesirable, not to say sinful), we must content ourselves with attendance upon divine service in three churches out of the many where we should like to worship.†

It is time for us to turn our faces toward the Con-

* Also deceased a few years since.

† If we were making the trip at the present date, we should hear Newman Hall in his splendid new church, whose Lincoln tower makes the associations of the place dear to all Americans; we should listen to Dr. Joseph Parker in his fine City Temple for the people; we should also sit charmed by the sacred eloquence of the late Dean Stanley's successor at Westminster, or of Canon Farrar at St. Paul's.

tinent; yet an American cannot leave the soil of the mother country without regret. True, we did not feel very cordially disposed toward Englishmen during and for a long time after our national struggle on account of their indifference to the result of the conflict, or else their decided partiality toward the South; yet we are satisfied that the fault of that partiality was in many instances with the head more than with the heart. At all events we are willing to let by-gones be by-gones, and especially since the manly expression of regret from the British Government, and the result of the Geneva Arbitration, we can shake hands right heartily with our English cousins and pledge to them eternal friendship. "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." There is something truly admirable in the average type of manhood and womanhood too, which one finds in England. There is a fine physique among the inhabitants of that land, a sturdy good judgment, and genuine moral worth deserving of much praise. A trifle too phlegmatic, perhaps, to suit our gushing American nature, yet nevertheless sensible to the last. Instead of declaring a thing "perfectly splendid," "exquisitely fine," and "magnificently superb," they are satisfied with such expressions as "pretty good," and "very clever," and "right well done." (Between you and me, isn't that the better way of talking?) Another item: the English are not forever "guessing" that this or that thing is so. They tell us that a Yankee is always recognized by that word in his conversation more than by any

other. (Let's you and I, dear reader, take a new departure by quitting the frequent use of this term, and substitute for it "I reckon," or "I fancy," or "I think"—anything but this everlasting guess, guess, guess.)

It would be pleasant to run out to Windsor Castle and pay our respects to Her Majesty; or over to Stratford-on-Avon, the home of the immortal Shakespeare; or up to Oxford, the great seat of learning; or down to Brighton, on the sea, a great watering place, the town where the gifted Robertson once preached to his "brother-men;" or across "Southampton water" to the lovely Isle of Wight, where lived and died the good Leigh Richmond, and his parishioners, the "Dairyman's Daughter," and the "Young Cottager;" but we cannot spend the time, so bidding adieu to the shores of Old England, we watch the chalky cliffs of Dover recede from view, while our little steamer ploughs its way over the boisterous channel, making what has been called the "*sic transit*" with very little of the "*gloria mundi*" thrown in (but a good deal thrown *out*), and as we round to at the quay of Boulogne, and going on shore hear on all sides a babel of voices speaking "in accents of an unknown tongue," we begin thoroughly to realize, for the first time since leaving the American coast, that we are in a foreign country—far, far from home. After a few hours' ride through a comparatively uninteresting tract of land, we arrive safely in Paris.

I reserve a description of this beautiful, fascinating, gay and godless city for the next letter.

V.

PARIS.

The contrast is very great between the general appearance of London and that of Paris. Coming without delay from the one to the other, seems to the traveler like emerging suddenly from darkness into light.

There, a thick smoky haze (before mentioned), added to the naturally damp air, makes every object dark and gloomy; here, a bright and clear atmosphere, perfectly free from smoke, imparts a cheerful aspect to the buildings, which, as a whole, are the very picture of neatness and good taste. Like London, Paris is bi-sected by a river—the Seine—a kind of twin sister to the muddy Thames. But one forgets this feature of the scene in admiration of the many highly ornamental bridges of iron and stone which seem by their lightness of design and symmetry of proportion to float upon the water's surface.

Nearly everything in earth and air combines to render Paris a city of fairy-like enchantment.

The only exception to this remark must be found in the destructive work accomplished by the dreadful *Commune* during the few weeks of its *régime*.

The improvements wrought by the late Emperor, Napoleon III., with the aid of his Supervising Architect, Haussmann, made Paris, which had been attrac-

tive before, one of the finest, if not the chief of all European cities in point of beauty as well as size.

Crooked streets were straightened; narrow ones widened; public places ornamented with fountains and statuary, and every possible device resorted to which could please the eye and charm the æsthetic taste of Frenchmen.

The Rivoli, laid out in arrow-like line, with uniform houses on the one side, and the Palace of the Louvre and Tuileries on the other, is one of the most imposing of these streets.

Then, there are the Boulevards, from 200 to 300 feet wide, extending around the city in the elongated arc of a circle, lined with shade trees, the center spread with concrete, always filled with rapidly-moving vehicles; the spacious sidewalks occupied by lively and chatty people enjoying themselves in the promenade, or sitting in groups around their little tables at the *cafés*, sipping their wine or partaking of refreshments.

In the days preceding the *Commune*, the Imperial Palace, called the Tuileries, was the grandest and largest structure in the city. Eligibly situated on the Seine, and joined to the Louvre, it made an immense hollow parallelogram of buildings of almost fabulous extent. I cannot give the length in feet, but I am not afraid of exaggerating the facts when I say that one would have to walk a mile in order to compass the entire structure. The Louvre end of the enclosure is laid out as an exquisite flower garden, and the Tuileries end—called the Place du Car-

rousel—is paved with stone, and used to be reserved for those grand military reviews in which the quondam Emperor loved so much to indulge, not only to set forth his own glory, but also to please the excitable and restive populace.

In a straight line northwest from the palace garden is situated the large open space known as the Place de la Concorde, in the center of which stands the obelisk of Luxor, a solid monolith of variegated marble, weighing hundreds of tons, transported by the First Napoleon all the way from Egypt,* and erected by a triumph of mechanical genius, (the *modus operandi* of which is engraved in a picture upon the pedestal,) on the spot where stood the fearful guillotine in the bloody days of the Revolution of 1789. As one takes his station at this point and looks north, he sees, but a few blocks distant, the Church of the Madeleine, an exquisite specimen of an ancient Grecian temple, 328 feet in length and 138 in breadth, surrounded on all sides with a double colonnade of fluted Corinthian pillars, 49 feet high and 16 in circumference. To the east is the garden of the Tuileries, already mentioned. Looking south across the Seine, the eye rests upon the Hall of the Corps Legislatif, another stone building of Grecian design; and westward is seen the grand vista of the Champs Elysees (Elysian fields), stretching on for a

* A grander proof of enterprise and engineering skill is the recent transportation of Cleopatra's needle from Egypt to America, and its erection in Central Park.

mile or upwards in a gradual ascent, with a profusion of trees on either side, winding walks, *cafés*, and amusements of every kind for the million, from a Punch and Judy exhibition for the children, up to the open-air concerts of Musard and the famous Cirque for the older juveniles. This Circus used to be called "*de l'Impératrice*," but since the poor Empress was compelled to flee for her life from the palace where her beauty was wont to shine, that appellation has been removed. I might add that every street and public building which bore the name of Napoleon III., or any of his family, has since the inauguration of the present government received a new designation. Crowning the eminence at the extreme end of the Champs Elysees, is the colossal arch of triumph, sometimes called Arch of the Star, erected by the First Napoleon in celebration of his great victories over the Austrians and Prussians. Its total height is 152 feet, width 137, and depth 68. About a mile and a half west of the Triumphal Arch is the Bois de Boulogne, a park which was beautiful with its lakes and cascades, bowers and pagodas, parterres of shrubs and flowers, and miniature forests, before the Prussian siege played such havoc with it; but sufficient has already been accomplished toward restoring the park to its former beauty to make it a charming place of resort.*

Not far from the arch, a little to the north, stands

* The other relics of those dark days of 1871 are fast disappearing under the beneficent rule of the Republic.

one of the most curious and costly of the buildings of Paris—the Russian (or Greek) Church.

Designed in the peculiar style of Oriental architecture, small in its dimensions and unique in its proportions, it is most lavishly ornamented with heavy gold work both without and within. One feels like asking with Judas—though with a better spirit than his—“To what purpose was this waste?”

In this quarter of the city there is a little gem of ground, called the Parc Monceaux, which deserves mention, not alone for its intrinsic loveliness, but also for the rarity of such places—even in this beautiful city.

The Mausoleum of the great Napoleon, called the Invalides (receiving its name from the large military hospital and infirmary adjoining it), is an imposing edifice overtopped by a lofty dome, in the crypt underneath which is an immense stone sarcophagus intended for the remains of the illustrious dead, while the body really lies in one of the side chapels of the building.

Over the doorway leading into the crypt are inscribed in gold letters upon a background of black marble, these touching words, taken from the last will and testament of the vanquished victor, written at St. Helena: “*Je desire que mes cendres reposent sur les bords de la Seine, au milieu de ce peuple Français, que j’ai tant aimé.*” “I desire that my ashes should repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of this French people whom I have loved so much.” It is pleasant to find that this simple and natural wish of the dying exile

has been gratified. But what a lesson is one taught of the vanity of human greatness and the folly of worldly ambition as he stands by the tomb which contains all that was mortal of the conqueror who made the nations of Europe tremble at his approach. Truly has the poet written—

“The path of glory leads but to the grave.”

This departed warrior reached, indeed, the highest summit of military renown; yet, like that man of peace* who has so recently gone from us, his vaulting ambition o'erleaped itself; he failed; then, he died of a broken heart.

Of all the great churches of Paris, it is difficult to say which is the finest. The Pantheon ranks among the first, in the symmetry of its outline and the artistic elegance of its general finish. In the vault of this church lie the remains of Voltaire and Mirabeau. From the apex of the dome, at a height of 450 feet, one obtains the grandest possible view of the vast city.

The most interesting for its historic associations, as well as for its majestic effect, is the old Cathedral of Notre Dame, situated upon an island in the Seine. The process of its erection occupied about 300 years. It was at last completed in 1420, a few enlargements and improvements having been made in more recent days.

It was in this Cathedral that the goddess of Reason was once worshiped in the person of a beautiful courtesan. Its walls have echoed with the impas-

* Horace Greeley.

sioned eloquence of Massilon and Bourdaloue of the olden time, and La Cordaire and Hyacinthe of a later day.

I have already mentioned the Madeleine. I might also dwell upon the beauties of other churches like St. Sulpice, St. Roch, St. Eustache and St. Etienne du Mont, but will not weary my readers with these details. I must, however, in addition, speak the name of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, opposite the Louvre, in the tower of which still swings the identical bell used by order of the infamous Catherine de Medici to ring out the signal for the commencement of the massacre of the Huguenots on the bloody day of St. Bartholomew.

There is also the little St. Chapelle, a perfect *bijou* of a chapel, its walls composed of the most gorgeous stained glass, with only just a sufficient number of stone uprights between the windows to sustain the lofty roof and tapering spire.

It was built in the year 1242 by Saint Louis, as a depository for the reputed crown of thorns worn by our Saviour.

One must not leave Paris without paying a visit to the extensive art galleries of the Louvre; the Luxembourg Palace with its Senate Hall and Throne room, regal in their magnificence of marble and gold, velvet and damask; the Hotel de Ville, grand even in its ruin,* where Robespierre held his blood-thirsty council in the "reign of terror;" where Louis Philippe in 1830 was presented to the French nation by

* Since restored to its old beauty.

Lafayette, and where Lamartine, in 1840, nobly exposed his life, and declared that "as long as *he* lived the red flag should never be the flag of France."

There is the Conciergerie, across the Seine from the Hotel de Ville, the old prison with its heavy round towers, containing the cell where the unfortunate Queen Marie Antoinette was incarcerated, and the chamber in which the Girondists held their last banquet before they were led to execution; the column of July, as it is called, which stands on the site of the old Bastile; the Column Vendome, upon which the Communists wreaked their vengeance, because it was crowned with a statue of the great Napoleon, and all made out of the bronze melted from the cannon he had captured in battle; the Gobelin tapestries—a manufactory of carpet pictures—wonderful to behold, established by Gobelin in 1450, and afterward taken under royal patronage by Louis XIV.; the Jardin des Plantes, a great botanical and zoölogical collection; and finally, Pere la Chaise, that city of the dead, where one sees a great number of monuments—though few large and imposing—all crowned with wreaths called *immortelles*.

If we had time to spend a day at Versailles, we should see in the palace (a building 1,800 feet long) an immense array of battle scenes, painted by Horace Vernet; and in the grounds the grand and petit Trianon, the homes of Hortense and Josephine, besides the most elaborate series of fountains perhaps in the world; and to crown all, the exquisite (though too artistic) trimming of the abundant foliage. If we

should step into the theatre we might possibly find the Republican Legislature in session, and hear a speech from that wiry little old man, M. Thiers.*

I spoke of Paris in my last letter as *godless*. Alas! that term is only too applicable to the French as a people, for "Paris is France." The Sabbath with them is a holiday. True, God has some chosen ones there, but what are they among so many who trample on His laws, and even deny His existence? Well did Charles Sumner once reply to Gambetta, when asked by the Frenchman: "Why cannot France maintain a Republic?" "Because she has no religion."

Vain, indeed, is the attempt of any nation to sustain free institutions like ours without laying their foundations broad and deep upon the Bible, as their sure and tried corner-stone.

May God infuse into the hearts of the French people—naturally possessing many noble qualities—that love of the right and hatred of the wrong which can alone make their present liberty permanent.†

* Long ago deceased.

† It is gratifying at this later date to witness the continued existence and apparent prosperity of the Republican experiment in France. May not a part of its success be traced to the spread of true religion in that country? The grand Protestant uprising, whose fruits are to be seen in the McAll evangelizing work in Paris, and the labors of the "*Mission Interieure*," with the gifted Reveillaud as one of the coadjutors; this explains, at least in part, the present situation. Well may all true Americans pray for the perpetuity of the French Republic, on the basis of a pure Christianity.

VI.

COLOGNE AND THE RHINE TO
SWITZERLAND.

I propose in this letter to conduct my fellow-voyagers from place to place as rapidly as I may without exhausting them, or surfeiting them with the many objects of interest which claim at least a passing notice.

Brussels, where we now find ourselves, the capital of Belgium, is sometimes called a miniature Paris. There are many things which remind one of the great city he has just left; an air of beauty, of neatness, of gaiety, of *finesse* about the *tout ensemble*, with its Cathedral, Palais Royal, Hotel de Ville, Column of July, bronze equestrian statue of Godfrey de Bouillon, and Arcade of St. Hubert.

A carriage ride of about six miles from the city brings one to the ever memorable field of Waterloo, which is marked by a great pyramidal mound, at the apex of which stands a huge lion carved from stone—the famous old British lion himself—in all his majesty and glory. We had *heard* of him before, but never *saw* the genuine article till we looked up into his face from the foot of that monumental mound.

When one is in Brussels he is only an hour distant, by rail, from Antwerp. A day's excursion thither gives one a fair amount of time to see the

city, the great feature of which is the Cathedral, with its matchless tower, the tallest as well as the most symmetrical in all Europe, gracefully tapering from point to point till it reaches the dizzy altitude of 466 feet. In this building are to be seen the two great master-pieces of Rubens—The Elevation to and Descent from the Cross.

A choice private gallery of paintings contains specimens of the genius of Van Dyck, Murillo, Raphael and Claude Lorraine, besides a few of Rubens' pictures.

In the Church of St. Daniel stands a most elaborate pulpit, carved in oak, and representing in life size figures the miraculous draught of fishes. In the grounds adjoining the church of St. Paul, there is a gross representation of Mt. Calvary, the denial of Peter, Purgatory and Hell, all of plaster, and made by the monks, who certainly might have been in better business. Such things only illustrate the truth of the couplet of good old Isaac Watts about Satan finding mischief for idle hands to do. The stream of blood which issued from the Saviour's side in the Crucifixion, is here represented by a piece of iron wire bent into a curvilinear shape, and painted crimson.

Antwerp is a quaint old city, with its tiled roofs and antique gables; its open-air bazars and picturesque market women. The citadels and docks built in 1813 by Napoleon relieve it somewhat of its otherwise mediæval aspect.

At Cologne, whither we come in about seven hours

from Brussels, the only object of note is the great Dom-Kirche, which has been any number of centuries in building and is not near completion yet—so far, at least, as the tower is concerned.* It is the most perfect specimen of the pure Gothic, *on dit*, in Europe. There are some very sacred (?) relics—bones and things—exhibited to the visitor in this cathedral for a consideration, but as we can see better looking skeletons than these in any anatomical museum without paying for the sight, we will agree to let them pass.

Now for the Rhine, on whose banks—in this city of Köln (as the natives spell it)—we have been sojourning over night.

* In 1880 the entire structure was finished. Of it Dr. Storrs, in the exordium of his oration on Wycliffe, says: "On the left bank of the Rhine, on the site of the ancient Roman camp, afterward an Imperial colony, which is associated in history with Tiberius and Germanicus, with Agrippina, mother of Nero, and with the early fame of Trajan, has been recently completed a magnificent work of art, of which more than six centuries have witnessed the progress. After delays immensely protracted, after such changes in society and government, in letters, arts, and in prevalent forms of religious faith that the age which saw its solemn foundations has come to seem almost mythical to us, by contributions in which people have vied with princes, and in which separated countries and communions have gladly united, the Cathedral of Cologne has been carried to its superb consummation, and the last finial has been set upon the spires, which at length fulfill the architect's design. It is impossible not to rejoice that the common sentiments of beauty and of worship survive the changes of civilization, so that distant centuries join hands in the work now finished and crowned."

We embark on one of the river steamers (an improvement on those which ply up and down the Thames) for a day of rare enjoyment.

Passing by Bonn, the city of one of Germany's best universities, we approach, after an hour or so, the mountainous region of the Rhine. The range called the Seven Mountains first attracts our attention. From that point on for a long stretch, say 75 miles, the traveler is kept on the *qui vive* watching the new views which break upon his vision as the steamer follows the winding course of the river, and as one castle-crowned and vine-terraced mountain after another looms up before him. I need only mention a few of these ruined towers, as Drachenfels (Dragon rock), near Bonn; Rheinfels, at St. Goar, the greatest ruin of the Rhine, and Ehrenfels (Honor's rock), near Bingen. Ehrenbreitstein (Honor's broad stone) is an immense fortress of modern construction opposite Coblenz. It is built on a rock 380 feet above the river, and mounts 400 cannon. From its ramparts one has a grand view of the Rhine, as it pursues its tortuous way through the mountains, and the "beautiful blue Moselle" which flows into the Rhine at Coblenz. From this high and imposing station the Prussian troops had the best of all opportunities to keep up that famous "Wacht am Rhein," of which they were so fond of singing during the late war with France.

Stolzenfels, a few miles above Coblenz, which is more like a palace than a castle, is situated on a commanding eminence, and is most beautifully embow-

ered in the foliage which clings to the spur or the mountain. After passing Bingen—"Sweet Bingen on the Rhine"—the banks of the river assume a flat and uninteresting appearance.

We debark at Mayence, and, taking cars, make Heidelberg our next place of sojourning.

This university town, on the banks of the Neckar, a tributary of the Rhine, is chiefly noted for its extensive Chateau, perched aloft upon the mountain, and seeming almost ready to drop down upon the city beneath. The castle is the most picturesque and extensive ruin in all that land, so famous for such relics of the olden time; yet it must be confessed that for a ruin this Chateau is kept in better repair than most of the castles on the Rhine. As you walk from one to another of these grand old baronial halls at Heidelberg, it is not very difficult for the imagination to picture to itself some brilliant banquet there being given by the Elector Palatine to the lords and ladies of his acquaintance, with jewels flashing, and silks rustling, and wit coruscating, and wine sparkling, and all going "merry as a marriage bell."

The great wine tun, 82 feet long by 22 high, in one of the apartments, is a curiosity worth looking at, and worth telling of after one has seen it.

The University students form a conspicuous feature among the persons one meets in the streets of Heidelberg. With their little round caps, colored red, white, green or yellow, corresponding to the various years of the course, without front-piece, and placed

upon the forehead, almost touching the eyebrows, they make a curious appearance.

But one cannot help being shocked as he notes on so many faces of these students unsightly scars from sword thrusts received in the duels which so frequently occur; and what is worse, these scars are worn not as a sign of disgrace, but as a mark of honor.

In passing by rail from Heidelberg to Baden-Baden, one can see as he approaches the town of Kehl, in the distance across the Rhine, the spires of Strasbourg, that city of the great Prussian bombardment, and overtopping all, the lofty roof and sky-scraping tower of the Cathedral, which fortunately received but little injury from the shells of the besieging army. Baden-Baden, nestled in a lovely valley and made beautiful by nature and art, has been, till recently, famous (or infamous) for the great gambling palace where so many fortunes have been lost and won at *roulette*, *rouge et noir* and *vingt et un*. Happily, at last, for the reputation of the place, and of the government, too, which has licensed its operations, this grand faro-bank has been compelled by law to close its doors. Henceforth that beautiful "Conversation House" (as it has been euphoniously called) will witness no more wrecks of character or ruins of hope wrought by the ill success of those who had been lured on to venture one gold piece after another until all their property was swept into the insatiable maw of the devouring monster. The walks and grounds about this building are exceed-

ingly fine. The scene presented on a summer evening by the groups of ladies and gentlemen, some sitting on the piazza of the "Conversation House," others promenading, and yet others within the magnificent room around the gaming table, while the Prussian band discoursed its sweetest music in the "Kiosque" for the entertainment of all, used to be fascinating in the extreme.

The view from the Alte Schloss (old castle) on the mountain overlooking the town, and the examination of the ruin itself, amply repay one for the toil of climbing to the summit.

From Baden we pass on to Basle, and from Basle to Lucerne, where we make our first acquaintance with Switzerland. In many respects Lucerne is the gem of this country—certainly so far as lake scenery is concerned.

We take boat to Weggis, whence the ascent of the Righi begins—a mountain 5,500 feet high—from whose "Kulm" is obtained a superb panoramic view of the whole Bernese Oberland, an unbroken chain of snow-clad peaks extending around one quarter of the entire horizon. Here we see those summits lighted up by the last golden-tinted rays of the setting sun, then twilight deepening into darkness. Here we pass the night in a hotel accommodating 200 guests, and after a comfortable sleep we are awakened at 4½ A. M. by the sound of the Alpine horn. Rising in haste, we go forth to watch the ruddy hues of the morning light as they paint the mountain tops and penetrate the valleys, and glisten

on the surface of the lakes which lie in great abundance—thousands of feet below and around us.

Descending to Weggis we re-embark on our little steamer and sail to the eastern end of the lake, where the mountains seem to close in upon us, sweeping with almost perpendicular abruptness down to the very water's edge. They are no every-day mountains, either, as witness old Bristenstock, 9,900 feet to the top, and others in proportion.

At Altdorf we find a colossal statue of William Tell, erected on the spot where, *they say*, he shot the apple from his son's head; and in the little town of Burgeln, his reputed birth-place, is a quaint chapel bearing his name; near by, also, is a roaring torrent, where, according to tradition, Tell once saved a child from drowning. In view of all these legends about that man, what a pity it is that the iconoclasts of our day are trying (and with some show of reason) to prove that no such character ever existed.

Towering high over the town of Lucerne is the old Pilate Mountain, so named from the strange tradition that the ghost of the guilty Roman governor lingers about its summit.

Walking a little way up the Zurich road, one suddenly confronts the singular yet majestic monument to the memory of the Swiss guards, who were massacred in Paris for trying to defend Queen Marie Antoinette from the hands of the mob, August, 1792. It consists of a gigantic lion carved on the face of a great rock by the famous Danish sculptor, Thorwaldsen, and finished in 1821. The animal (28 feet

long and 18 high) is represented as dying from the effect of a spear-thrust in his side. The expression of the countenance is full of pain. The Cathedral, with its two beautifully tapering spires, and its rich organ containing an exquisite *Vox Humana* stop, is worthy of notice. In one of the towers there is a deep-toned bell whose reverberations sound grandly among the mountains. Upon that bell are inscribed the following appropriate words, in most musical Latin :

“ Vivos voco,
Mortuos plango,
Fulgura frango,”

which being translated means—

“ I summon the living,
I bemoan the dead,
I dissipate lightnings.”

VII.

INTERLACHEN, GENEVA AND CHAMOUNI.

Leaving Lucerne by private conveyance (called *calèche* in the language of the country), we pursue our journey past Alpnacht and Lungern, and the Sarnen Sea, over the Brunig pass to Brienz.

The trip occupies one day and is full of interest. It is useless to try to reproduce to one who has never visited Switzerland the impressions made upon the mind of an observant traveler by the sight of these towering snow-mountains and peaceful green valleys. The view, as one stands at the highest point of the Brunig and looks down into the vale of Meyringen, is simply indescribable.

But as we have only just begun our tour through this land of the Switzers, it will be best for me to measure my words very carefully lest I exhaust all the expletives and adjectives in my vocabulary before we have accomplished half the journey.

Brienz is a small place lying at the head of the lake of the same name, where we spend the night in a comfortable and cozy little inn. Sailing across the lake after supper, we ascend the mountain a few hundred feet to a plateau whereon stands another hotel, in full view of the famous Giessbach Fall. The view, however, is not very "full" just now, for in the darkness of the night we can only just descry its dim outline

away up the mountain side. But we have come to see the fall *illuminated*, so having paid the exhibition fee, we take our seats in the hotel ground and wait with the rest to witness the illumination. After a while we see lights moving up the mountain, one after another, each assuming the position assigned for it, until a half-dozen points from the highest to the lowest part of the fall are occupied. All ready, bang! goes the signal gun, when presto change! and the entire series of cascades is ablaze with parti-colored light—the first fall blue, the second red, the third orange, the fourth violet, and so on.

The whole series, called the Giessbach Fall, consists of five or six different cascades coming down like a stairway from the top of a high mountain. Behind each of these, a man takes his stand with a Bengal light, and at a given moment the whole Fall is illuminated. The effect is magical; I think I must add *magnificent*, even if I do want that word to describe something further on. The next morning we sail down to Interlachen, that charming village situated as its name indicates, “between lakes,” Brienz and Thun (pronounced *Tune*).

This place is quite a favorite and fashionable resort for English families, and abounds in pleasant hotels and *pensions* (boarding houses).

I might as well say here, *en passant*, that hotel life in Europe is very different from the American style, especially in the matter of parlor accommodations. Except in the case of a very few which have borrowed a good idea from us, there is no public parlor where

all the guests have an equal right to "make themselves at home." One must go from his room to the dining hall and thence back to his room again unless he choose rather to saunter forth upon the piazza or into the streets for a promenade.

The charges at these foreign hotels are not particularly modest (I don't know, however, as we Americans have much to boast of in that direction).^{*} Just think of paying roundly for meals and lodgings, and then having to lay down an extra franc (20 cents) for every *bougie* (candle) burnt, the poorest kind of tallow at that. But it is useless for any one to go abroad unless he provide himself before starting with a very large supply of patience. Without this he will be in some kind of "hot water" all the time: when his trouble is not with hotel proprietors, there will be enough to annoy him in the frequent examinations of baggage by impudent custom-house officials, who chatter away in an unknown tongue while they search one's effects, and who, of course, do not understand the traveler when he endeavors to remonstrate mildly in good English. The scene which meets one's gaze in any of those foreign *douanes* (as they call them), on the frontier lines between different countries, is worthy of the pencil of Nast. I wish he would try his hand on

^{*} An American traveling in Europe was once remonstrating with his *valet de place* on the high prices of hotels abroad, when the *valet* answered: "Oh! monsieur, I have seen ze world from ze cataracts of ze Nile to ze cataract of Niagara, and I tell you, in your country, you go ze furthest and see ze least and pay ze most of any land I ever was in."

the subject some time, depicting, as he only can, the lugubrious expressions of countenance exhibited especially by the ladies as they see their nicely-packed trunks ruthlessly rummaged over, and left looking like a crow's nest, or something worse. .

But where were we? Oh! yes—Interlachen. Well, there, right in front of the town, as it would seem, but really fifteen or twenty miles distant, looms up to the height of 13,600 feet, the virgin white and exquisitely outlined *Jungfrau*, its peak as sharp in appearance as the point of a needle. Many delightful excursions are made from Interlachen to Grindelwald, Lauterbrunnen and other localities, but we pass on by boat over Lake Thun to the quaint old city of that name, thence to Berne, the capitol of Switzerland, where the bears (as the word *Berne* signifies), are to be seen in all their glory; not only the living animal in the grand "pit," provided by the city authorities for the benefit of old bruin, but statues large and small in public places and shop windows.

Tradition has it that the founder of the city once performed the wonderful feat of slaying a bear, so ever since, as if to make amends for such cruelty, the inhabitants have given themselves up to a superstitious and senseless reverence for said quadruped. In the Museum here, one is shown the stuffed skin of the noble dog "Barry," who, in the course of his eventful life rescued some twenty-five travellers from death in the snow-drifts of St. Bernard pass.

The Protestant Cathedral is a fine structure—begun

in 1421—and has a famous bronze *bas relief* upon its main door, representing the Last Judgment.

From Berne to Lausanne, is an easy ride *via* Freiburg, where we might hear, if we had time to rest, the most celebrated organ in Europe—at least such has been its reputation in past days. Lausanne, a stirring town of 20,000 inhabitants, is situated on high ground, about a mile from the shore of Lake Lemman (as Geneva is sometimes called), about midway between the two extremes of that lovely sheet of water.

It was here that Gibbon, the historian, wrote his great life-work—"The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

At Clarens, also, a village near the end of the lake, and in the very midst of its grandest scenery, where we spend a few quiet days, Byron composed his famous poem—"Prisoner of Chillon," within sight of the old castle which lifts its turreted walls and "snow-white battlements" in grim yet picturesque outline above the clear and shining waters. Going through the cold and cavernous interior of this Chateau—built in 1236—we see the stone pillar to which Bonivard, the prisoner above mentioned—one of the Reformers of the 16th century—was confined for six years by a chain about five feet long. He was finally relieved from his painful thralldom by his friends, the Savoyards, who captured the stronghold in 1536.

But, the steamer is waiting for us, so jumping aboard we find ourselves gliding swiftly down the

lake, whose crystalline and bluish-green surface ripples and dances in the merry sunlight.

Making a few landings on the way, four hours and a-half bring us to the pier at Geneva, the city of Calvin, Prince of the Reformers.

While many of the buildings, especially those fronting on the lake, present a very new and Frenchy appearance, having been recently erected by Parisian capitalists, other parts of the city still retain their ancient aspect, and the grand old Cathedral, in which Calvin so often preached, still lifts its moss-grown towers toward heaven as if in silent protest against the moral decadence of the people who admire the writings and character of an infidel like Jean Jacques Rousseau sufficiently to erect *in memoriam* a life-size marble statue in one of the most conspicuous and commanding positions they could find. It stands on a little island in the lake, connected by a bridge of exquisite workmanship, with both halves of the city.

We make our way to the cemetery, situated a little way out, principally for the purpose of visiting the last resting place of John Calvin, the great theologian. After searching about the grounds for a long time, looking as one naturally would, for some fine marble slab or monumental device, we at last almost stumble over a plain stone block, about two and a-half feet high, and one foot square, bearing upon its upper surface the initial letters, "J. C.," as the only evidence of the identity of the precious dust that lies beneath. Do you ask why this neglect? Why such dishonor to the memory of so good and great a man? It is but

the fulfillment to the letter of his desire, plainly expressed in his dying hour. Such was his austerity of character, he wanted no parade at his funeral, and no monument over his grave.

Calvin's great "Institutes of the Christian Religion," and his Commentaries on the Bible, constitute a monument to his memory more lasting and more precious than

"Marble bust or storied urn."

There is something worthy of special remark about the sparkling clearness of the waters of the river Rhone, the outlet of Lake Geneva, and also the singular phenomenon presented by the confluence of the Rhone and the Arve—the one a rich blue, the other a thick, muddy stream from the glaciers, and each retaining for a long distance its distinctive appearance by a line of demarcation as clear cut as the horizon at sunset.

Now we are off for Chamouni in one of the old *diligences* (or stage coaches), of this country, an ancient kind of institution, not to say peculiar: a great unwieldy, awkward, two-storied vehicle, with four or five separate compartments above and below, capable of accommodating twenty-five people, or thirty at the utmost. Six horses, three abreast, constitute the propelling power of the lumbering concern. These compartments are called the *Coupé*, *Banquette* and *Landau*, and underneath the latter, at the rear of the *diligence*, is a dark place where I was told they stow away "dead-heads." Heavy and cumbrous though

the establishment is, we seem to get over the ground very quickly, and what with the musical jingling of the horses' bells, and the frequent and loud cracking of the driver's whip, it is an exhilarating ride. Our course now lies amid the mountains, which begin to tower around us with their huge, giant forms.

At St. Martin, a kind of half-way house where dinner is served to hungry passengers, we obtain our first view of the celebrated Mt. Blanc range. So far up into the sky are its snowy peaks we mistake them at first for Summer clouds; but looking more intently we discover the illusion. Betaking ourselves now to the *caleche*, we continue our journey up, and still up, till at the early gloaming we reach the quiet valley of Chamouni, 3,150 feet above the sea level. Oh! the grandeur of the scene which here bursts upon our sight, all shut in as we are by the magnificent mountains. Taking our stand at the door of the hotel, we strain our vision upward to the altitude of 11,000 feet, where the pure white dome of old Mt. Blanc lifts its hoary head into the very heavens. Here, at the foot of the mountain, is one of the most beautiful glaciers of Switzerland (*des Bossons*), working its slow journey into the valley, with its great ice cakes measuring all the way from forty to seventy-five feet in height, and twenty-five to thirty in thickness.

Ascending the mountain side, a distance of a mile or so, we come to the greatest glacier of the country, the "*Mer de glace* (or sea of ice), rolling down between the lofty mountains, and moving at the rate of a few

feet per century, like a mighty river that had suddenly been congealed in its course.

The height of Mt. Blanc above Chamouni is 11,192 feet. Add to this the elevation of the valley above the sea (3,150 aforesaid), and you have 14,342 feet as the magnificent total. In such a presence one feels like uncovering the head and bowing the knee as he realizes the omnipotence of the great Creator, and views his glory in these stupendous works of His hand.

We sometimes hear and read about the virtues of the brave and hardy Swiss mountaineers; but I imagine, notwithstanding all the fine theories concerning the effect of grand scenery upon character, these people are very much like average human beings. Their dwellings, called *chalets*, some of them perched way up on Alpine slopes, are usually poor specimens of houses, with loose-jointed roofs, which require a large number of heavy stones as weights upon them to keep them from being blown away. The superstition of the people (at least in the Roman Catholic cantons), is made painfully evident by the numerous crosses and shrines of the Virgin which one finds at intervals on the roads and mountain paths. But, notwithstanding these things, there is an indescribable charm attaching to almost everything in this land of beauty and sublimity; and as we turn away from it with our faces toward the sunny South, we enshrine its scenes in our hearts to abide in memory as a "joy forever."

VIII.

LEGHORN, PISA AND FLORENCE.

Preferring to approach Italy by water, our course is directed from Geneva to Marseilles *via* Lyons, the great silk mart, and Avignon, the city of the popes.

Embarking in one of the splendid steamers of the *Messageries Imperiales* line,* we spend our first night upon that great inland sea—the Mediterranean—bound for Leghorn, where we arrive in about twenty-four hours.

Having secured a landing at the inner mole, a long breakwater of stone, built many hundred feet into the sea, we find good lodgings at the "Hotel du Nord." Resting here for the night we saunter forth into the streets and find them crowded with happy, noisy, demonstrative people. Almost every boy you meet is singing at the top of his voice.

A general aspect of *laissez aller* seems to fill the place. As we walk on we come to a street corner where a couple of mountebanks are turning somersaults in the air and jumping through a hoop lined with knives, to the great delight of the assembled multitude.

* Now called the *Messageries Maritimes*, corresponding to the English Peninsular and Oriental line called the P. and O. Company.

We enter a restaurant for dinner. An amusing experience follows: Having discussed some roast beef, we order—in the best French we can command—some pudding, and the stupid *garçon* thinks we called for *poulet*, so chicken it is and we eat it for dessert.

The only rational explanation we can find for an occurrence like this is that Italian waiters are very imperfectly acquainted with the French language!

On a beautiful road, called the "Strada del Passaggia," which borders the Mediterranean, we take a drive and enjoy an extensive view of the sea with its remarkable shades of opalescent green. It is a noticeable fact that the peasant women here wear wooden shoes, which make a strange clatter on the pavement, and present a singular appearance. This custom is not confined to Italy. It is seen in many other European countries.

On our way up to Florence we tarry a few hours at Pisa.

Here the Cathedral (I am almost tired of telling of Cathedrals, but every city, you know, must have one, and it would not be permissible to slight any,) is a fine structure in the form of a Latin cross, upwards of 300 feet in length of nave and 140 of transept; height of dome 156 feet, from floor to lantern.

The interior is rich in art treasures, paintings, mosaics and sculptures by the great masters. The remains of many archbishops are interred in the vaults, the precise spot where each body lies being indicated, not by an inscription, but by the official

hat of the deceased suspended with a long wire cord from the ceiling, and hanging directly over his last resting place.

Here, also, still swings the lamp by the motion of which Galileo is said to have discovered the laws of the pendulum.

Now for a view of the famous leaning tower, built in 1174, 196 feet high, the top projecting on one side 13 feet beyond the perpendicular line. Was it built so, or did it sink after erection? I cannot tell you, and what is more, I never found any one who knows. But that is immaterial. There it stands, and has stood for centuries, yet one cannot help feeling a little nervous as he ascends this tower and looks down on the leaning side. For one, I should want my life pretty heavily insured if I were to choose a residence anywhere within range of that tower, on the side before mentioned.

It is built of white marble and is a beautiful piece of architecture, but its appearance in pictures and photographs is too familiar to need further description. The Baptistery, which is a large octagonal building with a dome-like roof, is chiefly noted for its superb echo, the grandest in the world (unless we except that of the ever famous *Taj Mahal* in India), furnishing the richest and most mellow harmonies of which the mind can conceive, as the tones of the diatonic scale skillfully uttered by a sweet voice below are caught up and repeated in the dome, gradually dying away in the far distance.

Near the Baptistery is the *Campo Santo*, or Holy

Field, enclosed on all sides by buildings, each 400 feet long, forming a hollow square, and containing the tombs of ancient nobles and royal families of Italy. The earth in the enclosure was originally transported from the reputed site of Calvary, near Jerusalem.

Florence, appropriately called *Firenze la bella* (the beautiful), is situated on the river Arno, in a valley between two ranges of the Appenines. The babel of street noises which greet the ear of a stranger is something amusing, if not confusing, especially in the early morning; venders, male and female, old and young (of fruits and small merchandise), all hawking their wares and that right lustily, but always in musical cadences, which mitigate somewhat the din and tumult of voices. One sees everywhere the dark, lustrous eyes, tawny complexion, and abundant black hair which characterize the inhabitants of this southern clime.

About every third person one meets is an ecclesiastic of some order, and every fifth person is a soldier. Emblems of Church and State are sufficiently numerous to keep one constantly reminded that he is in a land of "kings and priests." On many of the buildings are placed (a few feet above the roadway) little boxes, each with a pane of glass enclosing a small statue of the Virgin and child, above which is a lamp kept constantly burning. In front of these some of the "faithful" may almost always be seen kneeling in prayer. I make no comments, but leave each one to his own reflections on the significance of such cus-

toms. However, I cannot but recall the words of warning uttered by Him who spake as never man spake, against his disciples imitating those who love to pray, standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men.

We enter the grand Duomo (Italian for Cathedral), a noble pile 500 feet long, with a dome 387 feet high from cross to pavement, and 138 in diameter, the work of Brunelleschi, and not surpassed even by the dome of St. Peter's. Here we find a large number of priests saying mass around the altar for the benefit of a small group of worshipers, while sight-seekers like ourselves and natives "to the manor born" are quietly moving around the vast building examining the works of art. The Campanile connected with, but entirely detached from, the Duomo, is a square tower, nearly as high as the dome, and of the same dimensions at the top as at the base, an exquisite piece of architecture, rich in variegated marbles. There is also a large Baptistery, much like that of Pisa, situated at the rear of the Duomo.

One of the most conspicuous buildings in Florence is the great Palazzo Vecchio (old palace), with its slender and lofty tower, which tells of by-gone days when the Grand Dukes of Tuscany ruled here with imperious sway, and ground the people under the iron heel of a cruel despotism.

In the Pitti palace, containing an extensive gallery of paintings, the art lover revels in a feast of delight. The rooms, numerous and spacious, are gotten up in the most gorgeous style, with floors of tessellated

marble and door trimmings of the same material, and ceilings fairly covered with gold and frescoes. Among the pictures are many originals of Carlo Dolce, Raphael, Murillo, Leonardo da Vinci and Del Sarto. I need not specify anything further than to say that they are nearly all Madonnas, with here and there a Magdalen, or Last Supper, or Crucifixion scene. Though somewhat monotonous, it is most interesting to observe how closely those old masters confined themselves to religious themes.

In each one of these apartments there is a choice table of mosaic and gold, the finest being valued at \$200,000. The Boboli gardens, adjoining the Pitti, are beautiful with their fountains, statuary and trimmed foliage, *à la Versailles*.

The collection of paintings in the Uffizzi palace is rather larger than that just mentioned, though not more *recherché*. Here we find various departments containing specimens of the French, Dutch and Flemish schools of paintings, also pottery and bronzes of the Etruscan style. In the Tribune, a room containing the celebrated statue of Venus de Medici and other gems, the ceiling is all inlaid with "mother of pearl." Among the choicest pictures in the Uffizzi may be mentioned Sasso Ferrato's "Virgin of Sorrows," Guercino's "Sibyl," the "Flight into Egypt," by Correggio, and "Madonna of the Goldfinch," by Raphael.

In the Church of Santa Croce (holy cross) one sees the tombs of Michael Angelo, Galileo, and two of

the Bonaparte family, each tomb of elaborate design and ornamented with many statues the size of life.

On the height south of Florence still stands the ivy grown tower where Galileo, of old, studied the heavens through the "optic tube," and discovered that the *world moves*.

Fiesole, a quiet little place on the mountain opposite, or northward from the city, is a splendid situation for a view of Florence. Here wrought and prayed that pious artist, Fra Angelico, of whom it is narrated that "he never took up his brushes without kneeling in prayer, and never painted a Christ on the cross without his eyes being filled with tears."

To an American visiting Florence, a call at the studios of some of his countrymen who are pursuing the theory and practice of art in this classic land, furnishes a very enjoyable episode, by the way. Received with a warm welcome by all, nowhere do we find a pleasanter reception than at the *atelier* of Hiram Powers, who has dwelt here almost a lifetime and reflected by his genius so much glory upon his native land, in the eyes of foreigners.* Here we see the original plaster cast of the "Greek Slave," and an exquisite statue designed from Milton's "Penseroso," a duplicate of which is owned by James Lennox, Esq., of New York.

It seems to be the general impression that the climate of Florence is well adapted to cases of pul-

* Mr. Powers, since deceased, has transmitted his skill to a son, who still continues the study and practice of his father's favorite art in that land of poetry and song.

monary disease. Such an idea is far from the truth. The changes in temperature, say in the month of February, are very great, between the atmosphere of the sunshine and that of the shade, or between the air of the streets and that of the churches, which, of course, every stranger, whether sick or well, wants to visit. Many a poor invalid has come here seeking health, but has found a grave.

In the cemetery we stand by the last resting place of the mortal remains of Theodore Parker, that man of brilliant talent and noble heart, whose untimely death in this foreign land, far from friends and home, furnishes but one warning of many to those who are led away by the popular delusion just mentioned.

The finest drive of the city of Florence is along the Arno out to the *Cascini* (their Central Park), where one sees the usual style and pomp of coachmen, and footmen, and outriders, and all that. But we turn away from this show and aim for the cars which are to carry us to Rome.

There is too much demanding our attention in that city to warrant me in beginning a description of its wonders in this letter, already sufficiently long.

IX.

THE ETERNAL CITY.

“ And this is Rome
That sat upon her seven hills,
And from her throne of beauty,
Ruled the world.”

The same old city, indeed, yet oh ! how changed ! The “ seven hills ” are still here, though some of them rather imperfectly defined, and difficult to distinguish from the general level ; but, where is the “ throne of beauty ? ” where the glory of the ancient empire ? Departed, numbered with the things that were.

We enter by the “ people’s gate ” or Porta del Popolo (for this is a walled city), and find ourselves standing in a large open square of the same name (Piazza del Popolo), having a beautiful Egyptian obelisk in the centre. And here we continue standing and wondering in what direction we had better make our first tour of investigation amid such a world of historic associations and antiquities. Well, *impri- mis*, we turn to the left from the Piazza (or square), and ascend by the nicely paved and zig-zag road to the top of the Pincian hill, whence we obtain a comprehensive view of the city, with its numerous churches, convents, and other lofty buildings, many of them hoary with age ; we remark especially the sublime proportions of old St. Peter’s, in the dim dis-

tance, rising heavenward and breaking upon our vision almost like a dream or an ideal picture. This Pincian hill is the favorite ground of the Romans for a promenade or ride, being handsomely laid out as a park, and combining all the elements of an agreeable place of resort.

It is easy to see from this eminence that the streets of the city are quite narrow and rather crooked, and the houses high; but the Corso (Roman Broadway), is an exception, being somewhat wider than the average and very straight.

Taking our position on this street we watch for a moment those who pass by; and what a motley assemblage it is! Soldiers and priests, of course, predominate; plenty of beggars, both sexes and all ages, peasantry from the Campagna, the women many of them handsome in rustic but picturesque garb; now and then passes an ecclesiastic with long black coat reaching to the ground and curious dark felt hat, small in the crown but immense in the brim, turned up at the edges and extending before and behind a foot or two from the head; here comes a monk with shaven scalp, coarse robe bound at the waist by a piece of white rope, from which hangs a row of beads and crucifix, with sandals upon bare feet. He may belong to the order of Dominicans, or Franciscans, or Capuchins, but no matter which. We should be no better and no wiser if we knew. Next passes a Sister of Charity, whose black serge dress and capacious white bonnet need no description, as they are seen so frequently in the large cities of our own country.

But look, here approaches a splendid carriage, heavy and old fashioned indeed, but gorgeous in its appointments of gold without and damask within. Coachmen and footmen dressed in a style to match the equipage, and horses with richly mounted harness—gold and silver no account! And whose is this grand turn-out? Is it the King's or the Pope's? No, neither. It is only a Cardinal, with his red three-cornered hat and tunic of the same color, out taking an airing. But we've seen enough of this. How can we delay any longer a visit to St. Peter's?

Crossing the Tiber, a sluggish and muddy old stream (by the way, my readers have probably noticed that all the rivers thus far described have resembled each other in the muddiness of their waters),* over the an-

* Even the Rhine, as I observed it, is no exception to this rule—a turbid and swiftly flowing current. And speaking of that river, I may be pardoned for returning to the subject a moment to make one or two further remarks. A comparison is sometimes instituted between the Rhine and our own Hudson River. Many have asked me which of the two I consider the more beautiful? I answer that while the highlands of the Hudson are loftier and grander than the Rhine mountains, the former extend over a smaller area than the latter. In a word, there are "more of them" on the Rhine than here. Besides this, the ruined castles which crown every prominent height with their grim towers and ivy-clad walls, speaking of centuries long gone by—add a charm of Mediæval history and romance to the journey up or down the Rhine of which one can see nothing on the banks of the Hudson.

Another feature of interest on the Rhine (which the Hudson does not possess) is the continued succession of terraced vineyards which cover nearly every hill and mountain from base to summit. Speaking of vineyards, I am reminded of the impres-

cient bridge richly ornamented with statues, just *vis à vis* the Mausoleum of Hadrian (built A. D. 130), now known as the castle St. Angelo, the citadel of the Pope, and connected with the Vatican a half-mile distant by a subterranean passage for convenience in emergencies, we soon come to the great open space called Piazza di San Pietro. The real place for a perfect view of the huge pile is not here, but some mile or two away, where the *tout ensemble* of the wonderful building can be taken in at a glance.

When approaching the structure one begins to lose sight of the finest part of it, viz: the ponderous and yet exquisitely outlined dome, the immense *façade*, measuring 379 feet by 148, being too high for symmetry. The length of the grand nave is 613 feet and extreme height of dome 405. The church which accommodates 100,000 people without crowding, occupied three hundred years in its construction and cost fifty millions of dollars. On the first moment of entering, one is not so much impressed with the

sion (commonly entertained) that in Germany, France and Italy (though vine-growing and wine-producing countries), there is much less drunkenness than in the United States. So far as my observation goes, this impression is correct, but the influence which some have drawn from the fact, viz: that an increase of wine culture with us would tend to diminish the evil in question, is wide of the mark. For, though there might be less adulteration of wines on the basis of a more general manufacture, the increase would militate seriously against our sobriety as a people, since the conditions of climate and ways of living in America are far more conducive to excessive indulgence than those which characterize European countries.

grandeur of the edifice, as he is when he has had an opportunity to study its colossal proportions. Everything is on so large a scale, and so well harmonized, that one does not at first realize the immensity of each object. The marble cherubs, for example, which support the shell-like receptacle for holy water, appear at a distance to be the size of infants, but, on nearer acquaintance, they prove to be as large as a full-grown man.

In the corridors on either side of the nave, there are a good many chapels, each one large enough for a church in itself, and lavishly enriched with statuary and paintings on canvas, not to mention the elegant frescoes which fairly bewilder one with their abundance.

The most conspicuous object in St. Peter's is the *Baldacchino*, or canopy over-arching the grand altar, where none but the pope or a cardinal specially authorized is allowed to officiate. This canopy, ninety-four feet high, is supported by four great spiral columns, and cost \$100,000.

The bronze statue of St. Peter,* on the north side of the nave, representing the apostle in a sitting posture with one foot extended, is an object of special adoration to the "faithful," some of whom may always be seen kissing the great toe which projects an inch or two beyond the pedestal, and is very much worn from the frequent applications above mentioned. It is a little bit amusing to watch the people as they

* Supposed to have been originally made to represent Jupiter, of heathen mythology.

stand sometimes in a row, waiting their turns to kiss that toe. Many of them are of the lower classes. They walk up, apply their lips to the bronze without ceremony, and pass on. Now and then, however, a more genteel person, say a lady of "good society" approaches the statue, and with her handkerchief wipes the toe in order to remove any possible uncleanness left by the last devotee, and then imprints her kiss.

It would certainly be amusing if it were not *sad* to witness such unmistakable evidence of superstition, in a custom sanctioned by the church whose money has erected this Basilica—a building pronounced by Gibbon to be the "most glorious structure that has ever been applied to the uses of religion." The "confessionals," located at convenient intervals around the sacred edifice are worthy of notice, each one ornamental in design and richly carved in some dark wood, accommodating a priest who sits in his box enclosed on three sides, applying his ear to a screen now on the right and now on the left as some woman kneels before it to whisper the story of her wrong-doings and secure absolution. (I say *woman*, for one seldom sees a *man* at the confessional.)*

A singular feature of this custom is the application to the head of the kneeling penitent (after she has passed away from the side-screen and has taken her position in front of the box, at a distance say of ten

* Please make a note of that fact as indicating the diminishing power of Romanism over the male portion of its votaries, at least.

feet from it), of a long and slender stick, held by the priest, gently touching the forehead. This done, the woman rises from her knees and passes away with a happy look upon her face. I never heard any one explain this part of the ceremony, but I interpret it to signify a blessing proceeding from the hands of the priest, all the way through that long pole to the head of the worshiper.

Beyond the grand altar (underneath which, *on dit*, repose the remains of the Apostle Peter), upon a large marble tablet inserted in the wall, may be read the following inscription :

PIUS IX., PONTIFEX MAXIMUS,
IN HAC PATRIARCHALI BASILICA DIE VIII DEC. AN. MDCCCLIV
Dogmaticam Definitionem
DE CONCEPTIONE IMMACULATA
DEIPARÆ VIRGINIS MARÆ
inter sacra solemnia pronunciavit
Totius que orbis Catholici desideria explevit.

Which being translated means: "Pius IX., Supreme Pontiff, in this Patriarchal Basilica, on the 8th day of Dec., 1854, pronounced in the midst of sacred solemnities the doctrinal definition concerning the immaculate conception of the divine Virgin Mary, and satisfied the desires of the whole Catholic world." No comments necessary.

The dome of St. Peter's, the finest of all the products of the architectural genius of Michael Angelo, is perhaps the most perfect thing of its kind in the world. It has been called "The eighth hill of Rome, created by Michael Angelo to approach nearer to

God." But, substantial and solid as it appears, there exist, it is said, reasons for apprehension with reference to its safety. A correspondent of the London *Daily News*, in a letter written from Rome long ago, says: "There is a panic at the Vatican just now on account of the sensible oscillation and inclination of the gigantic cupola of St. Peter's." He adds, "that the continual cannonading at the Porta San Pancrazio and along the bastions near St. Peter's during the siege of Rome in 1849 caused too strong a vibration in the stupendous construction."

Notwithstanding these fears we must not lose the opportunity of climbing to the cross and standing within the ball of this dome, the view from which amply repays one for the fatigue incurred. The ascent to the roof of the building is made along what may well be called the "King's highway," for it is not a staircase, but a wide passage paved with stone, and at a very moderate incline, so that, if it were allowed, one might ride to the roof in a carriage drawn by horses. At the base of the "drum," on the inside of the dome, in letters some ten feet high, which appear from below of the ordinary size of street signs, is the following sentence, just completing the circle: "*Tu es Petrus, et in hanc petram ecclesiam meam ædificabo.*" (Matt. 16:18.) Well, we must go from this wonderful building, even if the half of its glories has not been noticed, but as we turn toward the door we see a throng entering and soon find it to be the Pope surrounded by his retinue coming in to say his prayers "in state." The sight is gorgeous to behold

Surrounded by the famous Swiss guards, a fine looking body of men, dressed in the most fantastic of uniforms (the colors, yellow, crimson and black predominating), and bearing long halberds at a perpendicular, the soldiers followed by cardinals, bishops, priests and other nameless dignitaries, and preceded by one who holds aloft a solid silver cross, Pius IX. walks with dignity amid the throng, all of whom (excepting a few of us Americans), bow the knee before him, while he distributes his blessings on every side by waving the two forefingers and thumb of his right hand toward the multitude. The old gentleman has a benignant countenance and a portly mien. He is dressed in a long white satin robe, the train of which is borne by an attendant, a cape of red velvet trimmed with gold, and a small white skull-cap upon the crown of his head. All the talk about His Holiness being a prisoner since the popular King Victor came to take up his abode in the Eternal City is merely the figment of a heated imagination or a dream of a disordered brain. The longevity of the Pope is wonderful. He has strangely outlived all the predictions concerning his approaching demise which have been made with much confidence for many years past.

He has been in the papal chair now over a quarter of a century.*

Passing out of the Basilica we visit the adjoining palace of the Vatican, an immense series of buildings in one corner of which (with room enough for all

* The decease of Pius IX. and succession to the Papal chair of Leo XIII. are now matters of history.

his poor relations), the Pope resides. Here we examine the wonders in the grand museum of statuary, tapestries and mosaics, a hall *only* 1,150 feet long. We make a special note of the Apollo Belvidere, Laocöon and the Boxers among the gems of the sculptor's genius. Raphael's "Transfiguration" scene in the gallery of paintings, and Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment" in the Sistine chapel are pictures "worthy of the gods."

But we are surfeited with beauty. This is glory enough for one day, so we emerge into the *piazza*, just remarking before we depart the magnificent circular colonnades partly enclosing this vast space, the promenade being 55 feet wide and containing 284 majestic columns each 48 feet high. In the center of the square is another splendid obelisk imported from Egypt, no matter how high, figures enough. I fear some of my readers may be a little incredulous about some I have already given. But they would not be, if they had only been there and seen for themselves. Words or numbers are but poor media for the conveyance of the impressions made upon the mind of an observer by such colossal objects as those which I have now tried to describe.

X.

ROME.

There are just 365 churches in Rome! One for every day in the year. But I do not propose to describe quite all of them. I think on the whole it will be best to discount about 360, and add: "*Ex uno disce omnes.*"

The term "Basilica," signifying king's house, is applied to about a dozen of these churches—the largest and finest—besides St. Peter's. There is the Basilica of St. John Lateran, where the Popes are crowned, and where five general councils of the Roman Church have been held.

Here is the "Scala Santa," or holy staircase, a series of twenty-eight steps, worn with age and covered with wooden slabs, which have to be frequently renewed owing to their constant use for the purposes of penance. This staircase, according to tradition, belonged originally to the house of Pilate in Jerusalem. Hence its great sacredness, our Lord having passed over it from the place of judgment to the mount of crucifixion. I need not assure intelligent readers that this, like a thousand other traditions of the Papacy, is nothing but "moonshine."

Up these steps that monk of Erfurt was crawling on his knees (like those "penitents" we now see) when the glorious light of God's truth burst upon

his mind, and suddenly realizing that the "just shall live by faith" and not by deeds of self-mortification, he rose up on his feet and walked forth a new man in Christ Jesus.

Here, too, the monks show us a piece of the table at which the Last Supper was eaten, kept in a dark recess behind glass doors, and viewed only by the dim light of a candle.

In the cloisters, adjoining the church, among other relics, are two pieces of a marble pillar, which, *they say*, was rent from the top to the bottom on the night when Jesus was crucified.

The Basilica of St. Agnes, *fuori la mura* (outside the walls), is one of the oldest and best preserved churches in Rome, having been built in the year 324 and still retaining its original external form and internal arrangements.

Here at the annual festival of St. Agnes, on the 21st of January, the Pope blesses two lambs, which from that time are kept by nuns in one of the convents, the wool of the animals, when grown to sheephood, being used to make the "palls" worn by the highest dignitaries of the Church.

Another Basilica—and the most gorgeous of all, always excepting St. Peter's—is that of St. Paul, without the walls. Two or three structures on this site, and bearing the same name, have been destroyed, the first erected by Constantine. The present edifice, which was consecrated in 1854 by Pius IX., is a magnificent affair, having eighty monolithic Corinthian columns of granite, with capitals of white marble,

between the nave and the aisles, forty on either side. Upon the part of the wall, between the capitals and ceiling, is placed a series of superb medallions of the Popes (head and shoulders, two or three times the size of life), made at the Mosaic manufactory of the Vatican, out of the little pieces of "composition," a material looking like bits of baked clay, and colored in every possible shade of beauty. The effect of these great Mosaics upon the eye, when the beholder stands at a little distance from them, is precisely similar to that produced by an elegant oil painting. If anything, these medallions in stone are more wonderful than the Gobelin tapestries of Paris, described in a former letter.

A marked feature on the *façade* of many churches in this city is the announcement made in large characters over the doorway, and reaching usually across the entire width of the building, as follows: "*Indulgentia plenaria perpetua pro vivis et defunctis*"—meaning that plenary and perpetual indulgence is there granted for the living and the dead. It is easy enough for one who is familiar with "the ways that are dark" of Romanism to understand what is signified by granting to the *living* indulgence to sin, but what is intended by the phrase when applied to the *dead*, I am at a loss to know. As we read these strange words, staring one in the face from the fronts of so many churches, we cannot but recall the first proclamation of that doctrine in Germany by Tetzel, and the fire of opposition awakened in the honest heart of Luther; we cannot but wonder at the effrontery of

those who, under the sanctions of what they call a *holy* religion, can have the face to say to their followers, if you will do thus and so, you may commit any venial sin you choose for a certain length of time, and incur no guilt by it.

Another illustration of this principle (or rather want of principle) is seen in the inscription upon the large wooden cross which formerly stood in the centre of the arena of the Colosseum. It is in these words: "By kissing this cross one obtains an indulgence for two hundred days."

The peculiar sacredness of the place, and hence the special virtue arising from the kissing of that cross, consists in the fact that in this arena hundreds and thousands of Christians met the death of martyrdom during the persecutions of the Roman emperors.

I must mention one more church—that of the Capuchin friars—as an object of interest to the visitor, the crypt being made the depository of the bones of the monks who have died either recently or remotely, the time of their decease extending back some centuries. Here they lie, *humeri* and *tibiæ*, *radii* and *ulnæ*, each kind by itself in comely piles, or placed in fantastic devices upon the walls. The sight is curious, albeit rather ghastly, especially in the case of the few skeletons which are preserved entire, dressed in the coarse habiliments of the order, with the right hand holding a crucifix.

Thence we pass to the Borghese villa, which contains many fine works of art, both painting and sculpture, the choicest of the latter being "Goliath

slain by David," "Daphne chased by Apollo," and "Venus reposing on a couch." At the Barberini palace, in a beautiful collection of *objets de vertu*, is the original portrait of Beatrice Cenci.

And now for the antiquities of Rome.

Ascending the Capitoline Hill, by an imposing though time-worn staircase, we find directly ahead of us the old Capitol, on the right the Palace of the Conservators, and on the left the Hall of the Senators, the latter building containing, among other pieces of statuary in its Museum, the famous "Dying Gladiator." Situated in the center of the piazza is a grand equestrian statue, in bronze, of the good Emperor Marcus Aurelius. Back of the Capitol is a large area, every inch of which is rich with relics of the hoary past. Here are the ruins of temples, palaces, baths, and churches.

In the space which formed the ancient Forum are the arches of Septimus Severus and of Constantine. On the south side of the enclosure are the reputed sites of the Mamertine prison and the Palace of the Cæsars. On the north side stand three ponderous arches which once belonged to the Basilica of Constantine. Passing on through the forum, we reach the Colosseum, already incidentally mentioned, formerly called the Flavian Amphitheatre, "Flavius being the family name of the Emperor Vespasian, who began it in A. D. 72." The building is an ellipse, 584 and 468 feet long in its two diameters, the outer walls 157 feet high. It seated 80,000 people; some authorities say 100,000. Much credit is due to Pius IX. for the work

accomplished under his orders in keeping this magnificent ruin from crumbling generally to destruction. Though we call it a ruin, it is still almost perfect in symmetry and true to its original proportions. As we stand on the summit of these majestic walls and look down into this vast arena, we try to realize what was once enacted there, when hungry lions came roaring forth from those dark dens beneath, only to spring upon and tear in pieces the men, women, and even children, thus devoted to a martyr's death—and all to make a Roman holiday. Well sings Byron in his "Childe Harold" concerning this stupendous structure :

"Arches on arches, as it were, that Rome,
Collecting the chief trophies of her line,
Would build up all her triumphs in one dome,
Her Colosseum stands ; the moonbeams shine
As 't were its natural torches, for divine
Should be the light which streams here to illumine
This long explored but still exhaustless mine
Of contemplation."

Passing hence, we come to the Arch of Titus, erected in honor of the capture of Jerusalem by the general whose name it bears, and inspect with keenest interest the *bas reliefs* upon the inside wall, representing the famous golden candlestick with its seven branches, taken by the impious Romans from the Temple of the Holy City. From this point out for a distance of many miles we travel over the large flat stones which formed the pavement of the Appian Way, a road

built by command of Appius Claudius, B. C. 330. Tolerably ancient, we should say.

About two miles from the city walls, on the same road, is situated the tomb of Cecilia Metella, wife of Crassus, "a circular tower, nearly seventy feet in diameter, constructed of large blocks of travertine fitted together with the greatest precision."

Over this way passed the Roman generals in triumph when returning home from successful campaigns. Along this road, too, passed a greater and nobler than they, the beloved Apostle Paul, in company with those who had met him at Appii forum, after his eventful voyage from Cæsarea, and escorted him to the Eternal City, where he was to live in his own hired house two years, and then die at the hands of the cruel Nero.

Among the noteworthy remains of ancient Rome are the famous baths of Caracalla and Titus, the former built A. D. 212, covering a space 720 by 375 feet, and accommodating 1,600 bathers. Those old Romans must have thought something of cleanliness, even if they knew so little about godliness.

In the baths of Titus the ceilings of some apartments still retain their frescoes in a remarkable state of preservation; covered as they are in darkness of subterranean passages, one can only see them in the perfect light of a torch.

Riding from one locality to another in the environs of the city, we note here and there traces of the famous Roman aqueducts, with their long series of

arches, reminding us of our own High Bridge over the Harlem river.

In speaking of the churches I purposely omitted to mention the Pantheon, as it might truly be classed among the antiquities of Rome. And the wonder of it is that, though erected B. C. 27, it is not a ruin but a well-preserved building, (a rotunda in shape,) originally dedicated to all the gods, and used, as its name denotes, as a depository of statues of various deities which the victorious generals brought home with them as trophies of war from the different countries they had conquered. The edifice was consecrated as a Christian church A. D. 608, under the name of St. Mary to the Martyrs.

A description of Rome would hardly be complete which should omit any allusion to the Catacombs, but as their history is tolerably familiar to the reader of average intelligence, and as our journey to-day has been quite protracted, I do not propose to enter into a description of them. Suffice it to say that about sixty catacombs have been discovered, each one being estimated capable of receiving at least 50,000 bodies, making 3,000,000 in all; but it is a point about which there is so much debate that it would not be safe for us to make any positive statements.

There is, I am fully aware, much, very much, of real interest in and around Rome that has not yet been described, but enough has been told to give one who has never visited Italy a tolerably correct impression of its capital.

Yes, thank God, Rome is, at last, the capital of

Italy. A new and better day has dawned upon that land of classic memories; freedom has been given to the people who had so long sighed for its privileges.

Victor Emmanuel,* *il re galantuomo* (the gallant king), as the Italians love to call him, resides at the Palace of the Quirinal, and dispenses his regal favors to all the people with generous heart and open hand. A bluff old man for a king, a *bon vivant*, and more fond of the chase than of court life, he nevertheless seems to satisfy the popular expectations. The Parliament of the kingdom has recently decreed the abolition of the conventual establishments and religious houses, which had been impoverishing the people by their excessive demands for pecuniary aid in the name of the Church. Public schools have been opened, in which 7,000 children receive instruction, and best of all, the Bible, which had been a contraband article, is sold publicly in the streets of Rome, even under the very dome of St. Peter's itself.

All hail ! Italy redeemed.

* The accession of the popular King Humbert, with his beautiful Queen Marguerite, to the throne, since the death of Victor Emmanuel, has only seemed to confirm the love of the Italians for the royal family, and promises well for the stability of the government.

XI.

NAPLES AND VICINITY.

Naples, whither we have come in a few hours by rail from Rome, is the city of *lazzaroni* and *macaroni*. Beautifully situated on the bay whose immense semi-circular sweep of coast sets off in the finest possible manner the superb coloring of its waters, with a high bluff in the background, and old Vesuvius, with its graceful outlines in the distance, it is altogether a sight well worth seeing. The streets of Naples, which, with the exception of the grand *Chiaja*, the promenade and drive facing the bay, are mainly quite narrow and filthy, seem to swarm with people of all kinds, classes and ages. In many of these thoroughfares, as in other European cities, there are no sidewalks, so that things are decidedly mixed, pedestrians being compelled to keep a sharp look-out before and behind lest they come into collision with a passing vehicle or beast of burden. The *lazzaroni* before mentioned are the loafers and beggars of Naples, who sit or lie in the sunshine, sleep, and eat macaroni, and think the world owes them a living. They are not so numerous now as they were under the old *regime*, before the bugle-call of Garibaldi awoke the nation from its slumbers and summoned it to a brave struggle for liberty. These pests of society, like those still greater curses, the brigands of the moun-

tains, have begun to disappear, since the despotism which fostered such scourges has been consigned to its merited doom. Macaroni, the "dough of wheat flour made into a tubular or pipe form," an article of diet which is gradually becoming domesticated among us, is the staple food of these Neapolitans, at least of those belonging to the poorer classes. One sees here and there long rows of it, hanging upon boards to dry, and presenting a very singular appearance.

For a wonder, there are no churches worthy of special mention in Naples, not even a cathedral! There are doubtless plenty of these houses of worship such as they are, but I will spare my readers any description. As for "lions," Naples is not particularly rich in them. This city is distinguished rather for its environs than for itself. It is a base of operations for excursions to the localities of real interest.

But there is one building we must visit—the Museo Borbonico, where is stored a vast collection of relics and treasures exhumed from the buried cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum. Here, too, is the Teatro San Carlo—the royal opera house—one of the largest and finest in Europe, where, on the evening of St. Joseph's Day, March 19th, we are fortunate enough to hear a full chorus of choice singers render the Garibaldi Hymn, in the midst of the most uproarious enthusiasm of the audience. The popular hero's Christian name being Joseph, or Giuseppi, the people, in a fit of patriotism which disregards the memory of the original saint, dedicate the day to a general

glorification of their red-shirted leader. It is a scene of thrilling interest which can only be imagined when this hymn is sung by the chorus, a man standing meanwhile at the front of the stage waving a large Italian flag, while the people rise *en masse* and shout themselves hoarse with *vivas* and *bravos*.

We spend the day in a charming ride to Sorrento, the first few miles by steam cars to Castellamarc, and the remainder of the distance by carriage over a splendid road, a large portion of which is built (like the Cornichi road leading to Genoa) on the very face of the perpendicular cliffs overhanging the bay.

Sorrento, like Naples, is more noted for what one sees *from* it than for what is found *in* it; a village situated on a high bluff, opposite the city, though some ten miles distant therefrom, abounding in luscious oranges and fancy wood-work, and commanding the finest view of Vesuvius, Naples, and the bay, anywhere to be obtained. In regard to the color of these waters already mentioned, it is impossible to exaggerate, varying as it does from the deepest indigo to the lightest sky blue, the former on the horizon, and shading off to the latter in the near distances. Sometimes, as one looks off upon that exquisite expanse, with a bright sun glorifying it, the hues will seem to change from one delicate tint to another, each tint stretching out in one long streak of sparkling light, not blending with that which succeeds, but separated from it by a clear and distinct line of demarcation.

Returning from Sorrento, at the close of a day long to be remembered, we have a fine view of Capri,

the island which, with its bold and precipitous head, seems to stand guard like a sentinel at the entrance of the bay; the island where the Emperor Tiberius Cæsar had a country seat, and where he revelled in debauchery; the island, too, which contains the wonderful blue grotto, with its small opening to the sea, through which one sails in a row-boat, and from which he can emerge only at low tide. All this we hear others tell of, and so, for once, forego the pleasure of personal observation.

Another day we spend in a visit to the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum. The story of their destruction need not here be rehearsed; it is as familiar as an oft-told tale. But what is the mere reading about that fearful event compared to the emotions one experiences in walking through these long-deserted streets, and inspecting these spectral houses and temples and baths and gardens? To stand within the forum, and sit in this great amphitheatre, and think how in one fatal hour swift and sudden destruction came down from that mountain upon the hundreds of busy and happy inhabitants of this devoted city, is enough to make an indelible impression upon the mind even of the most thoughtless.

I speak particularly of Pompeii, as that was the larger city of the two. In order to see what remains of Herculaneum, one must descend a distance of one hundred feet below the surface of the present place over a dilapidated stairway, and there, by the light of a torch, appear the few relics of what was

once a flourishing town. But Pompeii has been quite thoroughly excavated from the vast accumulations of ashes and scoriæ and the dust of ages; and if one would see the whole city, he must occupy some four or five hours, so extensive are the ruins.

In some of the houses there are rooms whose walls and ceilings still retain beautiful frescoes, with colors almost as fresh as though but recently painted, and the length of time since the destruction of the city is just eighteen hundred years! One cannot but have his moral sensibilities shocked in noting certain designs on the walls, either in painting or in sculpture, indicating a very low and polluted taste. In the museum at Naples the largest number of such objects is to be seen. In this connection I record the words which I wrote on the spot, while under the full power of these scenes: "As truly as I believe Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed for their exceeding great licentiousness, so surely do I believe that the fiery judgments of God were visited upon Pompeii and Herculaneum for the same reason."

Our last and best excursion will be to Vesuvius. Waiting for a fine, clear day, and such an one having dawned upon us, we ride by carriage to Resina, a village about six miles from Naples, where we alight and change our mode of conveyance to the back of a mule. The ascent, though very gradual at first, begins at this point. And here let me say that the volcano just now is in a very quiet and amiable mood, or we should hardly dare to cultivate such an intimate acquaintance with it.

In about two hours* we reach the Hermitage, having traveled in a zigzag path of solidified heaps or convolutions of what was once molten lava, now hard and black as coal.

From the house above mentioned—a place of observation and rest—the distance is short to the base of the cone. Here we dismount and “foot it” the rest of the way, which, I would say *en passant*, proves a hard road to travel. Declining the kindly-proffered assistance of the Italian guides, who look and act more like banditti than honest men, and finding it necessary once, twice, and even thrice, to repeat our declinature of these generous offers either to pull or push or carry us bodily, we take our staff and toil up the steep incline of about sixty degrees. If one is vigorous, he can make the ascent of the cone in about forty minutes. Having reached the edge of the awful crater, we look down and see nothing but a yawning abyss of blackness and smoke. We listen, as the chemical compounds in that great cauldron down below seethe and boil, and even while we strain our eyes to see whence all this rumbling noise proceeds, up comes a thick cloud of sulphurous smoke accompanied with several stones a foot or two in diameter. And this is what I rightly called the amiable mood of old Vesuvius. “If such things are done in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry?” If, in its quiescent state, we may stand at any of these smoking cracks and seams in the

* The ascent to the cone is now made in short metre, by steam car, as on the Righi and our own Mt. Washington.

mountain and boil an egg, what shall be said of the awful grandeur of one of those terrific eruptions when this entire cone is one great sheet of liquid fire?

Now for the descent. We came up, as I have intimated, in forty minutes, over a hard surface. We choose for the return trip down the cone, the soft sand, and find ourselves at the foot in exactly eight minutes. One just plants his heels deeply and firmly at every step, sinking in about a foot each time, keeps his body at a perpendicular, or, if anything, with a slight backward inclination, and then lets himself *slide*.

That descent of the cone of Vesuvius is about the most exhilarating experience one is likely ever to have.

I have spoken of the clearness of the atmosphere in this sunny clime. Let me add, as an illustration, the fact that while walking along the promenade of the *Chiaja* already mentioned, we can see with the naked eye the houses on that rugged Island of Capri, fifteen miles distant. I state this on my word of honor, and no joking.

In our next we embark for the East *via* Sicily and Malta.

XII.

MALTA AND ATHENS.

Our last view of that glorious bay of Naples is enjoyed as we glide over its waters in the good steamer "Pausilippe" on a beautiful afternoon when the setting sun casts a roseate hue upon every object of land and sea. In the evening a full moon completes the picture of beauty by throwing its silvery sheen over the surface of the Mediterranean, and causing the waves to disport themselves in a thousand glittering points of light. Under the power of a strong head wind, however, which increased the next morning to a gale, the waves become somewhat too sportive for the comfort of the passengers, who one by one retire to their private apartments, there to meditate upon the instability of all human affairs in general, and of the treacherous Mediterranean in particular. In the teeth of the gale we plough our way through the straits of Messina with Scylla on the right hand and Charybdis on the left, or, as some one not classically inclined called these famous localities, *Sallie and Carrie Bobus*.

At Messina, Sicily, we make a landing, by which I mean as in the case of the ports we are about visiting in the East, not that our steamer rounds to and secures moorings at a pier or quay, but that we cast anchor in the roadstead or harbor and go ashore in

small boats. But as there are no "elephants" here we will dismiss Messina with the simple remark that so far as our experience is any criterion, it is a very *rainy* place, for the heavens weep during most of the twenty-four hours and more that we remain in its vicinage. Passing out of the harbor we exchange salutations by "dipping" colors with the English frigate "Victor Emmanuel" and with the United States flagship "Richmond," whose band is discoursing the familiar and inspiring strains of "Hail Columbia." When one is so far from home as this the effect produced upon one's mind by a sight of the glorious "Stars and Stripes," as it flies from the peak of a government vessel or even a merchant ship, or as it floats in beauty from the official residence of an American consul or minister plenipotentiary in any one of the foreign cities, is something almost indescribable. Especially in these recent years since the stain of slavery has been removed from our national escutcheon, may one as he travels abroad point with pride to the dear old flag and say, "I too, am an American citizen."

After a night's steaming we find ourselves in the harbor of Valette, Malta, a strongly fortified place and the only city or town of any importance on the island. Though held by the British government and inhabited by many Englishmen, Malta is essentially a foreign country, being heterogeneous in its population, quite Oriental in general aspect, and decidedly Romanist in religion. Happening to be here in the Lenten season we find the ladies of that faith dressed

in the habiliments of woe—black being used not as a sign of mourning for departed friends only, but also by those who have lost no relatives—in conformity with a feeling of sympathy in the sufferings of Christ.

On the night before Good Friday we are the witnesses of a scene which impresses us, to say the least, very unpleasantly. I allude to a public procession arranged by the church authorities, in which a dozen or more life-size images representing the Saviour in the various stages of His passion, are borne through the streets upon large platforms by strong and stalwart men, while solemn and funereal strains are discoursed by a band of music. In the first group of figures the angel is in the act of offering the cup of suffering to Christ in the garden. In the second the blood is seen flowing from the wounds produced by the scourging. Another represents the mother of Christ holding up to public gaze the *handkerchief* which he used to wipe away the bloody sweat, and upon which, according to tradition, the features of Jesus' face became indelibly impressed. The last and largest piece of all represents the Crucifixion. Altogether the pageant is to us revolting; not alone on account of the dramatic character of the whole performance, but also from the almost entire absence of solemnity. We are reminded by it of our own torchlight processions during a political campaign, only with the cheering and gay music left out. Alas! for the faith of a people that call such demonstrations as this a part of their religion.

We visit the palace of the Governor-general and

find there a famous armory of the Knights of Malta, from whom the island was taken by the French, being afterward captured by the English some seventy-five years ago.

In riding across the country to the Citta Vecchia or old town, we are reminded that on this coast the Apostle Paul was shipwrecked, though we cannot vouch for the accuracy of the location which tradition connects with that event. There is scarcely any reason for doubt (though like every question, it has been made a subject of discussion by Biblical critics,) that this is the island called Melita in the account of Paul's voyage contained in the 27th chapter of the Book of Acts.

Again we set sail, or rather get up steam, and steer due East. We are bound for Piræus, the port of Athens, where we arrive after a forty-eight hours' run. Having left the "Pausilippe" at Malta we are now on board the "Tamise," (French for Thames) of the same "*Messageries Imperiales*" line. We shall continue to be passengers on this steamer for about three weeks, i. e., until we reach the Holy Land. The captain having allowed us only eight hours for our sojourn in Greece, we lose no time in getting ashore, where we engage a carriage and tell the driver to gallop his horses all the way to Athens—a distance of about six miles. It is early in the morning as we approach the city and have our first view of the Acropolis, rearing its great perpendicular walls high over all surrounding objects.

Passing by the ruined temple of Æolus, a small

octagonal building of white marble, the Agora or Forum, the old college of Athens just exhumed from the *debris* of many centuries, and the temple of Theseus with its thirty Doric columns—a miniature specimen of the building known as the U. S. Assay office in Wall street, N. Y.,—we ascend toward the Acropolis by the only side which is not precipitous, and soon find ourselves surrounded by some of the finest relics of antiquity which this classic land can boast. Here, first, is the Pnyx, an ancient piece of masonry, a kind of platform where the Assembly or Democracy used to meet in political conclave and listen to the words of wisdom uttered by Demosthenes and Socrates and other great orators; a little further and higher up is the Areopagus or Mars hill, where once stood the Apostle to the Gentiles, and rebuking the Athenians for their idolatry, discoursed of the only living and true God. We reach the Acropolis proper by what was once a grand staircase called the Propylæa, lined on either side with splendid columns, and find on the right an exquisite temple of Victory erected in honor of the battle of Marathon. The double temple of Minerva and Neptune is another beautiful specimen of the Ionic order of architecture which stands near the building last named. But the crowning glory of the Acropolis is the Parthenon or temple of Minerva, erected under the administration of Pericles, B. C. 438. Though in a sad state of ruin sufficient yet remains to show the original dimensions of the building, which were as follows: Length, 227 feet; width, 101, and height, 65. It had been pre-

served almost entire until the year 1687, when a bomb-shell from the Venetian fleet (then attacking the city) fell upon the centre of the building and scattered destruction around. The temple originally had forty-six columns, thirty-two of these are still standing. The estimated cost of the Parthenon is three and a half million dollars. "It was adorned within and without with colors and gilding and with sculptures which are regarded as the masterpieces of ancient art. The colossal (ivory and gold) statue of Minerva which stood opposite to the entrance of the temple was the work of the immortal Phidias, and surpassed every other statue of the age except that of Jupiter at Olympia by the same artist."

It is difficult to imagine what a treasure house of art this old Parthenon was in its prime, crowded full as it must have been with the sculptured works above mentioned, besides furnishing in the *metopes* of its own *frieze*, the finest specimens of heavy *bas-relief* in existence. Fragments of these gems are preserved and exhibited in the Elgin room of the British Museum. In a few instances the figures are "perfect and entire, wanting nothing." The room containing these statues is named from Lord Elgin, British Ambassador at Constantinople from 1799 to 1807, who "profiting by the weakness of Selim III., pillaged the temples of Greece without ceremony." The world will never know what it has lost in being deprived of the unspeakable riches of sculpture destroyed by the vandalism of Turks, Venetians, Aragonese, Crusaders, "Byzantine iconoclasts, bigoted Christians and bar-

barous Romans," who each in turn, during centuries past, have captured Athens and ravaged the Acropolis. By a long series of dilapidated steps we manage to reach the roof, or rather the front cornice of the building, and obtain a view which will forever remain photographed upon the camera of memory. It is the month of May, about 8 o'clock in the morning, with an unclouded sun shining down through an atmosphere of transparent clearness, when we stand upon that commanding post of observation to behold a scene of intrinsic loveliness, and vast historic interest. On the north, and just at our feet, lies the modern city of Athens, with its fine college buildings and royal palace, while beyond stretches a beautiful plain, and further on the mountain range of Pentelicus, famous for its splendid marbles, which furnished the material for the construction of this peerless temple, and the others around. On the east is Mt. Hymettus, still celebrated as of old for its exquisite honey. On the south we discern the Ægean Sea, with the islands of Egina and Salamis resting like pearls upon a surface of liquid blue. On the west appears the Isthmus of Corinth, with Mt. Parnassus in the background.

But what we have seen is glory enough for one day, and as the watch admonishes us that the time allowed us has nearly expired, we hurry back to the Piræus as fast as we came up to Athens, alight from our carriage, jump aboard the small boat which conveys us to our steamer, and off we go. I leave it to my readers if this isn't "doing" Greece in true Yankee style.

XIII.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

Out from the harbor of the Piræus, over the blue Ægean (called in modern geographies the Archipelago), we glide smoothly and swiftly on past Negropont, the north-eastern headland of Greece, and the picturesque as well as euphoniously-named islands of Telos, Lesbos, Tenedos, and Mitylene.

In about twenty-four hours we enter the Dardanelles (the straits named by the ancients Hellespont), dividing, between the two great continents of Europe and Asia, a body of water about fifty miles long, varying in width from five to ten miles. On the Asiatic side was once situated the famous old city of Troy, of which Virgil, the Latin poet, sang in his beautiful hexameter beginning with the words:

“Arma virumque cano,
Trojæ qui primus ab oris.”

Emerging from the Dardanelles, we pass up the Sea of Marmora, till in the distance we descry the minarets and domes of the great city—the city of Constantine.

As it is after dark when our steamer casts anchor in the Bosphorus, we remain on board till the morning, contenting ourselves for the night with a view of the “thousand and one” lights glimmering from the

houses, and sending their twinkling reflection into the waters of the river. When daylight arrives, we take a survey of Constantinople from that distance which is said to lend enchantment to the view, ere we disembark and cultivate a close acquaintance with the interior scenes of the city; and we must confess that the difference between the two points of vision is vast and wonderful. Like other Oriental cities which we are yet to visit, Constantinople is very beautiful from afar, but very unattractive and "nasty" (as the English would say) near at hand.

Stamboul (the old city) lies on a long peninsular piece of land which is situated between the Sea of Marmora and the Golden Horn. Pera and Galatea (districts of the new city) lie on the opposite side of the Golden Horn, between that and the Bosphorus. The Stamboul quarter is connected by a bridge with that of Pera, the quarter inhabited by the European element of the population. Having come ashore in a small boat, as usual, and found a comfortable place of lodging, we proceed to improve the occasion by obtaining a "firman," or permit, from the authorities to inspect some of the public buildings.

The end of the Stamboul district, jutting out into the Bosphorus, is called "Seraglio" Point, from the old palace of the Sultans bearing that name, which occupies the ground aforesaid.

This palace has been unoccupied for some twenty years past, the Sublime Porte, as the Sultan is sometimes called, having contracted the superstitious notion (so we are told) that the house was haunted. He

must needs therefore incur the expense of building for himself a new official residence a mile or two up the Bosphorus, which makes a handsome appearance as one sails along that river.

Passing through the charming Seraglio gardens, brilliant with their variegated *parterres*, we pay a visit to the armory, containing an immense collection of old daggers, swords, pistols and guns (better called blunderbusses); we also traverse the Hall of the Janissaries, witnessing there an untold number of effigies, representing warriors of past ages, clad in a great variety of uniforms. The sight reminds us of a somewhat similar collection in the Tower of London, of which mention was made long ago, the only difference being that in the latter we see the relics of Occidental civilization, and in the former, types of the Oriental style of warfare.

The "firman" aforementioned admits us also to the great Mosque of St. Sophia, a majestic pile, only second in size to St. Peter's, built by the Emperor Justinian in the fifth century as a Christian church, but seized by the Turks and converted into a Mohammedan mosque at the capture of Constantinople in 1453. Let it be understood that a Gentile "dog" can be allowed to enter such a holy place as this only by the great condescension of the followers of the false prophet, and with the distinct understanding that they recognize the sacredness of the house by taking the shoes from off their feet before they enter. Not fancying the idea of contracting a severe cold by going through the mosque with nothing but

stockings upon our feet, we compromise matters with the doorkeeper by purchasing a pair of very large leather slippers which we place over our boots, and so, in this interesting slipshod fashion, we shuffle and slide around the building to the amusement of all beholders.

Passing hence, we ascend the grand Seraskierat tower, which commands a perfect view of the city and surrounding country.

Part of another day is pleasantly spent in a horse-back ride around the ancient walls of Stamboul, built when the city was called Byzantium. Here are the fortifications known as "The Seven Towers." Near by is the sacred well, containing fishes which, it is said, are fried on one side, not after, but before they are caught. (Tell it to the marines.)

Ere leaving the older city, a word of notice ought to be given to the dogs, of high and low degree, which infest the streets by day and night, making both hideous with their incessant barkings and howlings. They are, it is true, among the most useful inhabitants, serving the purpose of scavengers, and so earning the right to live; but, though held in such high esteem by the authorities (no person being permitted, under penalty of law, to harm a hair of their backs), they are perfect nuisances to a stranger, as he picks his way through the narrow and crowded thoroughfares, subjected as he is to their perpetual bark, if not to an occasional bite. Another "institution" of Constantinople—or, at least, of the waters which surround it on every side—is the *caïque*, a light little

canoe-like boat, hundreds of which are seen flying up and down the river, propelled by one man with a single paddle, which he handles with great skill, transferring the oar rapidly from one side to the other, as the occasion demands, and keeping his frail skiff on its course, even in a strong current. Let any one who thinks such a feat easy to perform try it and learn wisdom.

Engaging one of these *caiques*, we step carefully aboard (for a careless motion, too far from the centre, would upset the whole affair), and squatting on the bottom, in the absence of any seats, we are whisked up the Golden Horn, at a rate by no means slow, till we come to a small river or stream of fresh water, called the "Sweet Waters of Europe," on the banks of which the Mohammedans assemble every Friday (their Sabbath), men, women and children, all dressed in their "Sunday best," and presenting a decidedly gay appearance—particularly so the ladies, whose outside garment, a loose robe extending from the shoulders to the feet, is made of silk or satin, and all of one color, blue, pink, or yellow, according to the taste of the wearer. Their faces, with the exception of the eyes (some of them bewitchingly dark and lustrous, notably the Caucasian belles), are covered with thin white lace gauze bound around the head, setting off to the highest advantage their lily-white complexions, which, alas! are in many instances *painted*.

Another day we devote to an excursion up the Bosphorus. Taking passage on one of the river

steamboats, we sail on, in full view now of the new palace of the Sultan, then of the Robert College at Bebek, and finally land at Beyoukdere. Thence we ascend by *caïque* to the mouth of the straits, and, going ashore, mount a high bluff, from which we look afar out upon the vast expanse of the Black Sea. On our return trip we keep close in to the Asiatic shore, touching at Bacos, celebrated for its perennial springs of purest water, and sailing a little way up the "Sweet Waters of Asia," where the Sultan has another palace, small but elegant.

As we near the city, illustrating by the noiseless movement of our skiff the poetry of motion, the view is one of almost fairy-like enchantment. The setting sun casts a mellow haze over the banks of the river clothed in freshest verdure, and, tinted with purple spring blossoms, the waters seem to reflect the glory of the heavens above, while the spires of the city loom up in the distance, and Seraglio Point stretches out its long arm into the bay, gracefully crowning the scene.

Crossing by ferry-boat, over the Bosphorus, we visit Scutari, situated opposite Stamboul, the place which is associated with many thrilling scenes of the Crimean war. Here is a large building, serving now as military barracks, which during the war was used for a hospital. In that hospital Florence Nightingale rendered her name immortal. Close by is a large cemetery, where lies the body of many a poor soldier, far away from the dust of his kindred in green old England, who fell on the bloody fields of

Inkerman, or Balaklava, or Sebastopol. In the centre of the burial ground stands a noble granite shaft, bearing the following inscription :—

TO THE MEMORY
of the
OFFICERS AND MEN
of the
BRITISH ARMY AND NAVY
who, in the
WAR AGAINST RUSSIA,
in 1854, 1855 and 1856,
DIED FOR THEIR COUNTRY,
THIS MONUMENT
was raised by
QUEEN VICTORIA
AND HER PEOPLE.
—
1857.

I have spoken of the mosques which represent the Mohammedan faith. Let me not close this letter without bearing willing testimony to the grand work achieved in this great city, no less than throughout the Turkish Empire, by the missionaries of the Gospel, who during the last forty years have been laboring here to introduce a pure faith, by supplanting the crescent of Islam with the cross of Christ. This is not the place to give the details of their work. Suffice it to say that in our intercourse with some of these missionaries, we find them to be noble men and women, not according to a princely pedigree, but of the blood royal of heaven. Evidences abound on every hand that the leaven of the Gospel is working

through and permeating the fabric of society, and even the seat of government.

The progressive spirit of the present reigning Sultan, as compared with the policy of his predecessors, is simply wonderful. I have alluded, *en passant*, to the Robert College. I would add in justice to its excellent founder, the late Mr. C. R. Robert, one of New York's best citizens, and also as a deserved tribute to its president, Rev. Dr. Cyrus Hamlin,* that this institution represents an excellent standard of scholarship, and is fulfilling a grand mission, not only in the interests of the higher education, but also for the cause of Christian civilization.

Having now spent a most enjoyable week in and around the city of the long name, we embark again, bound for the Mediterranean ports intervening between Turkey and Palestine.

* Since succeeded by the Rev. Dr. Washburn.

XIV.

SMYRNA TO BEIRUT.

One of the interesting features of a voyage on the Mediterranean is the motley assemblage the traveler finds on board the steamer. All kindreds and tribes and tongues seem to be represented in the list of passengers. Especially noteworthy is the company which occupies the forward deck. Sitting or squatting cross-legged are the Turks, with red tarboosh or fez on the head, with a long black silk tassel pendant therefrom—with loose jacket, cashmere girdle, and long zouave-like breeches. Smoking their narghilehs and sipping their sherbet they mope in silence, with only an occasional word of conversation and almost never a laugh. At the hours of prayer—morning, noon and night—they “perform” their devotions; for the process is so elaborate that it must be called a performance. Spreading out their blankets upon deck and turning their faces to the east, they begin their prayers standing, then kneel, and again once, twice, thrice they bow with their heads to the floor, all the time the hands being crossed upon the breast. This series of genuflexions repeated over and over again with tiresome precision, completes the exercise.

Among the “squatters” on deck who occupy their places by night as well as by day (the air being balmy

and soft the whole twenty-four hours round), and eschew the useless luxuries of berths and staterooms, are many swarthy-faced sons of the desert with turbaned heads, black hair, piercing eyes, and sharp-cut features. Of those whom we meet on the promenade deck are tourists from England, Scotland, France, Germany, Italy, Russia and America. Of course the ubiquitous Yankee is there—inquisitive and acquisitive of every thing which may increase his knowledge, making memoranda in his note book of those items which may help to supply materials for a series of foreign letters in the newspaper at home; so too, Brother Jonathan's cousin, Mr. John Bull is sure to be there, with his field-glass supported by a strap from his shoulder, and Murray's or Baedeker's guide-book in hand, to which he makes frequent reference.

But we must let the rest of our fellow-voyagers pass without further description, for we have just entered the beautiful land-locked harbor of Smyrna, about thirty-six hours from Constantinople, and a variety of new scenes will now claim our attention. The city contains something like 150,000 inhabitants. 120,000 of whom are Greeks, 16,000 Turks, 10,000 Armenians, and the remainder a mixture of all nations. On each side of the bay is a range of high hills, and overlooking the city is a mountain crowned with the ruined towers of an ancient castle, immense in size, supposed to have been built by the Genoese. Mounting one of the towers we obtain a perfect *coup d'œil* of the city, which with its red-tiled roofs contrasting with the verdure of the surrounding heights,

presents a very picturesque appearance. On this mountain is shown the ruin of the old amphitheater where Polycarp, the disciple of the Apostle John, suffered martyrdom, A. D. 166.

Passing through one of the narrow and crowded streets on our way from the bazaar to visit the Greek and Armenian churches, we encounter a funeral procession (representing the latter faith), in which the uncoffined body with face exposed, is borne by attendants, preceded by the priest intoning the service for the dead.

A large trade in dried fruits, especially figs, is prosecuted from this city. Some of my readers will associate this idea with a game played in social circles which repeat the sentence, "Malaga raisins are very fine raisins, but the raisins of *Smyrna* are better." Re-embarking after a sojourn here of two days, we soon pass the islands of Samos and Trogyllium mentioned by Paul in his travels, and catch a view in the dim distance of the rocky shore of Patmos, where John was favored when an exile for the testimony of Jesus Christ, with that wonderful apocalyptic vision of the New Jerusalem described in the Book of the Revelation. Our experience to-day in sailing among the numerous islands, large and small, over these clear, shining waters, and under the cloudless azure of an eastern sky, has been one of the richest and most enjoyable ever vouchsafed to poor mortals in this wicked world. It being the Sabbath we sit on deck under the awning which shades us from the too piercing rays of the noon-tide sun, and listen to a ser-

mon read by a good Scotch clergyman. Seeing also (as I have just said), Patmcs in the distance, and passing one locality after another made memorable by the great apostle to the Gentiles, it is impossible not to be deeply impressed by all these hallowed associations, impossible not to be made better by the influence of such a day as this.

Our next stopping place is the curious old island of Rhodes, mentioned in Acts 21:1; "And it came to pass that after we were gotten from them (the elders at Miletus near Ephesus), and had launched, we came with a straight course unto Coes* and the day following unto Rhodes." The city of this name, though not large, is quite imposing to look upon, having strong fortifications along the shore, with a bastion or tower 120 feet high rising from the centre of the mole; while behind these are many dwelling houses and mosques (each with its minarets), thickly interspersed with trees. Having landed we wend our way up the street of the chevaliers lined on either side with antique buildings bearing the old armorial designs and heraldic entablatures of the Knights of St. John (Hospitalers) who captured the island from the Saracens in 1309. On one of these houses we notice the familiar date of 1492, indicating, of course, the year of its erection. At the head of this street are the ruins of a comparatively modern church (St. John's), destroyed only a few years since by an accidental explosion of gunpowder. At the entrance to

* The Modern Chio, recently devastated by a terrible earthquake.

the harbor we note the place where the famous Colossus is said to have stood—a great brazen man, so tall that between his extended legs ships of the largest size used to pass! *Credat Judæus Apella.*

In a few hours we are off again, steaming along the coast of Cilicia and Lycia, turning the south-western corner of Asia Minor, out of the Archipelago, once more into the Mediterranean. It is not many hours before we reach Mersina, a small and insignificant place, but of some interest, at least to Biblical students, as being the port of Tarsus where Paul was born. We walk along the shore gathering pebbles and then stroll through the town which a Scotch friend declares to be in his opinion “a little more dirty and odorous than is common for this country.” A part of our ship’s company being very anxious to see Tarsus, set out on the ride to that place upon the backs of the poorest kind of pack horses. The captain had told them they would find it very difficult to go and return in time for the steamer’s departure, but off they go. Consequence—what? A part of them manage to get on board by the “skin of their teeth,” and the rest are left behind. I understand that of the latter number, one who is a clergyman (but not the writer of these letters), is disposed, so far as his observation goes, to call in question the statement of Paul (Acts 21:39) that Tarsus was no “mean city.” As that steamer vanished from sight leaving him two days in Mersina to await the coming of the next boat, everything in that region looked to him “*mighty mean.*” The Taurus range of mountains makes a fine

background to the picture as we take a last view of Mersina, while our course is directed south-eastward.

Cutting across the north-east angle of this great inland sea, we cast anchor in a few hours at Alexandrette or Iskanderoon, the port of Aleppo, three days journey from the coast. Here the Amanus mountains, a branch of the Taurus, tower up just before us to the height of about 5,000 feet, making the outlook grand and beautiful in the extreme, especially as the mountains are covered with verdure almost to their summits, which is a rare circumstance for this part of the world. Lattakia, a few miles down the Syrian coast, where we remain a few hours (but do not go ashore), is noted for nothing unless it be its fine brand of tobacco, which is not worth mentioning, as the world would be sweeter and happier than it is if it had never heard of the weed. At Tripoli where we anchor awhile, the most prominent object which appears to our sight from the steamer's deck is a great ruined castle which is supposed to have been erected by Raymond of Toulouse, in the days of the Crusaders.

Here the snowy peaks of Lebanon first appear to our vision. After one more night we come in sight of Beirut, and soon find ourselves within the ample enclosure of its magnificent bay, hardly inferior to that of Naples and very similar to it in the semi-circular bend of its coast. Our steamer has hardly come to a stand-still before a swarm of small boats has surrounded it, out of which comes a squad of scurvy

Arabs who scale the sides of the ship in a moment and begin their horrible clamor, catching hold of our baggage and pulling in opposite directions to see who can enjoy the privilege of rowing us ashore, and so of making a little *backsheesh*. Knowing nothing about their prices and caring less, we think only of the safety of our traps, and with the kind assistance of the captain, who belabors the fellows' heads with his rattan cane, chaos is reduced to order and we get safely ashore. Sojourning here a few days we enjoy many delightful interviews with the missionaries who are doing a grand civilizing and Christianizing work in this benighted land. In shopping among the bazaars we find the warehouses consisting of little square rooms opening full upon the street, with no window or door to obstruct the view. The shopkeeper sits, Turkish fashion, upon the floor, elevated some three feet above the roadway, and calling out his wares drums up customers. We enjoy two or three grand horseback rides up and down the coast, one northwards a few miles, to Nahr el Kelb, or Dog river, a wild gorge in the Lebanon through which the river flows into the sea, and where upon the rocks we find some old Roman inscriptions dating back to A. D. 173, and Persian *bas reliefs* of an earlier period. Another excursion is southward to *Ras Beirut*, an eminence commanding a fine view of the city, bay and Lebanon—a locality too, interesting to the geologist for its strange formations of sandstone and flint rocks. A third trip we take up the Lebanon to Suk el Gharb and Abeih, where we find mission sta-

tions and panoramic views of surpassing beauty and grandeur.

Coming down the mountain we rest on the Sabbath at Beirut and attend divine service where the Rev. Dr. Jessup preaches to the natives in their own guttural Arabic. His text is from Matthew 4:7, "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God," and it sounds to our uninitiated ears like this: "*Limarza ti jur ub boo ur-r-r-rub.*"* The men sit apart from the women, and likewise in the Sabbath school the boys are separated from the girls by a screen. They pay close attention to the exercises and sing sweetly some of our familiar children's tunes, albeit "in accents of an unknown tongue." The Protestant college here, under the presidency of Rev. Daniel Bliss, D.D., is accomplishing the same noble work for Syria which the Robert college is doing for Turkey.

The herculean task of translating the Scriptures into the pure classic Arabic was completed a few years since by our own Dr. Van Dyke—an Oriental scholar who has not his superior in the world—a man for whom America has good reason to be thankful, if not proud. Long may he and his excellent co-laborers be spared to reap the fruits of joy from fields they have sown in tears.

* One of the missionaries, after seeing this imitation, informed me that the sounds indicated by these collocations of English letters, closely resembled the guttural tones of the Arabic original

XV.

JAFFA AND JERUSALEM.

Having engaged our guide or dragoman, Abou Kheir by name, at Beirut for the trip to Palestine proper (Beirut being in Syria, outside of the real limits of the Holy Land, and farther north than the Saviour is known to have journeyed), we reëmbark on another of these fine Mediterranean steamers for Jaffa, about one hundred and fifty miles down the coast. The harbor of Beirut looks grandly, with its fleet of English, French and Russian war ships, as we bid farewell to its bright and beautiful waters. Wherever we go we find these vessels lying at anchor, with their colors flying at the peak, and representing the various civilized nations of the world. With their powerful guns pointing through the port-holes, they seem to look a kind of grim and sullen defiance at each other, as much as to say, "Touch me if you dare."

But, happily, the nations are at peace just now ; so, in spite of these warlike paraphernalia, which must be considered a necessary precaution for the protection of the citizens of each nation residing in foreign ports, we rejoice to anticipate the day when wars shall no more be known, and when these cannon shall be used only to celebrate in thunder-tones the dawning of the glad millennial morning.

After a calm and starry night upon the deep, we wake to find our steamer already anchored off Jaffa (the ancient Joppa,) a city built upon a rising piece of land, and quite imposing to look upon. There is absolutely no harbor here, the coast being rocky or abounding in reefs, so that unless the weather is pleasant, steamers, even though carrying passengers bound from Beirut or Alexandria, are unable to make a landing, and therefore are compelled to proceed on their course, letting the disappointed tourists find their way back to their desired haven as best they may. But we are favored with a fine morning for our arrival, so there is only the usual delay in getting ashore consequent upon the inevitable din and tumult of vociferous and pestiferous porters fighting for possession of our baggage.

The babel of tongues is something awful to encounter. "Bedlam broken loose" does not begin to express it. It is doubtful whether we should survive the ordeal had we not been so fortunate as to secure the services of a dragoman beforehand, who, being an Arab, is able to do the talking for us, and look the impudent scalawags out of countenance, until they allow us to descend without further trouble to the row-boat, in which we are conveyed through the breakers, by stalwart oarsmen, to land. But, alas! our trials are by no means ended, for on reaching the pier or dock (or whatever you choose to call it—any respectable name was too good for it) we find no steps by which to ascend from the boat to the level of the city (say five feet above us), but only two or three

holes in the perpendicular planking, wherein we are told to plant our toes, while a couple (nay a dozen or thereabouts) of these barbarous natives, with outstretched hands, clutch at us and pull, haul and jerk us up, till we stand upon the dock safe, but not so sound as we prefer to be.

One is likely to find himself a trifle the worse for wear to his muscles, if not nerves, for some little time after that landing at Jaffa. We are compelled to say it is simply an outrage to civilized human beings, but only one of the many annoyances which a man must make up his mind to endure before he sets out for a journey to the East.

Our first object of search is a hotel where we can rest awhile, and refresh the inner man before we proceed to look about the city, and prepare for the inland journey. The "Palestine" Hotel, where we procure something called breakfast and dinner, does not deserve any extended notice at my hand. I dismiss the subject by expressing the hope that other travelers may give the "Palestine" a wide berth, unless they are perfectly indifferent as to the quality of food they eat, especially the *butter*. We visit the *reputed* house of Simon the tanner, and find a square stone structure plainly of modern origin with one large empty room, and pass away more incredulous than we came. It is true, Simon's house where Peter tarried a few days, and on the roof of which he had the wonderful vision of the great sheet let down from heaven, was by the sea-side, and so is this; but it is

folly to try to identify the house, after the lapse of eighteen hundred years.

We recall to mind before leaving the city that the prophet Jonah, when bidden of the Lord to go to Nineveh, ran down to this place, and here, having paid his passage-money for the voyage to Tarshish (supposed to be in Spain), just as far in the wrong direction as it was possible for him to go, he embarked and came to grief.

Jaffa has been the scene of many a bloody struggle. A great battle occurred here between the Saracens and King Baldwin I. of Jerusalem, in 1102. It was retaken and strongly fortified by Lewis IX. of France in 1252. Falling into the hands of the Turks, the city was besieged by Napoleon I. and captured March 7th, 1799, since which time it has passed again into the possession of the Turks.

Having secured horses for the journey Zionward, we mount, and are soon passing out of the city through the beautiful groves of orange and lemon trees which load the air with their delicious fragrance, and furnish us with the juiciest of fruit at the insignificant price of two for a penny. Fairly outside the walls, we find ourselves moving along over the verdant plain of Sharon. The road is wide, and no fences separate the highway from the cultivated fields. There are no wheeled vehicles in all the land, the streets of the cities being too narrow to admit of them, and many portions of the road (through the rural districts) consisting of nothing but bridle-paths. But very few houses are to be seen, the

country being quite thinly populated. Occasionally we meet a camel on the journey, with mild and stupid eye, large uncouth form, and slow but stately tread. High up on his back rides the Arab driver, singing some monotonous ditty, or perchance chewing his bread and olives, now and then pausing to make some guttural noise to his beast, which translated into good English would be found to mean "get up," or "g'long," or something of that sort.

I may say, just here, that these strong and muscular Arabs are addicted to the very frugal diet above mentioned. It is wonderful how they can live on such simple food, but somehow they manage to thrive upon it. Give them plenty of bread and olives, and they ask no more. The kind of bread they eat would be a curiosity, if not a "caution," to the thrifty housewives of New England who compete with one another at the annual fairs of the agricultural society for the best home-made loaves of that article. It is a thin, wafer-like substance, made of wheat or barley flour, indeed, but baked on a round, convex-shaped pan, and when done, as it is in a few minutes, taken and folded up like a large pancake, and laid away in sack or pocket for use when required. The olives are green berries with an acrid taste, yet nutritious and wholesome to those who like them. As far as my experience goes, I am disposed to pronounce fondness for olives an acquired taste.

In three hours (distances are measured in this land by hours instead of miles, the rate being three to four

miles an hour), we reach Ramleh, a small village supposed to be the ancient Arimathea.

It is about sunset on a Saturday evening when we arrive at this place ; so we seek lodging in the Latin Convent, and lay our plans to spend the Sabbath quietly here. The old monks, given to entertaining strangers, receive us hospitably and make us comfortable with good bed and board. Sauntering forth after tea, we make our way toward a ruined stone tower, some one hundred feet high, along whose dilapidated steps we ascend to the summit and enjoy an extensive and beautiful view of the plain of Sharon, its green carpet all dotted over with flowers, and stretching north and south as far as the eye can reach, the mountains of Judea skirting it on the east and the Mediterranean on the west. The origin of this tower is not certainly known, but it is supposed to have been connected with a Christian church dating possibly from the time of the Crusades. Looking upon this scene, lighted with the vertical rays of a clear Syrian sun, there seems to be an air of most perfect repose resting upon every object. No sound but the humming of insects, the occasional bark of a dog, or bleat of a sheep, or cry of a child, is heard to break upon the sweet and holy stillness of that hour.

The Sabbath passes pleasantly by, the quiet of the convent being occasionally interspersed with the music of the monks, as they worship in the chapel, and the ringing of the morning and evening bell. A graceful palm in the enclosure—the building forming

a quadrangle or hollow square—attracts our attention, the first fine specimen of this kind of tree we have seen. It reminds us, in its thriftiness and beauty, as well as in the abundance of its fruitfulness, of the comparison of the righteous to the palm-tree (used by the psalmist), and also of another passage wherein David, thinking doubtless of the custom here exemplified of placing palms within sacred precincts, says:—"They that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God."

Bright and early on Monday morning we bid the monks adieu, leave a gratuity in the treasure box, and start for the Holy City.

For three or four miles we journey over the plain, encountering a few showers which cool the air, then strike into the hill country and pick our way along the roughest kind of stony paths, the poor beasts slipping and stumbling over loose rocks, and again sliding down the smooth side of a boulder. The ride for many miles is quite similar to one's experience in ascending Mt. Washington from the Crawford House. Reaching a good halting place, not far from the ancient Kirjath Jearim, where the ark of God rested twenty years on its way to Jerusalem, we lunch under the cool shade of an old tree. From this point the time is but an hour and a half to the city of David.

Coming in full view of it from the top of a hill, about a mile distant, the traveler is usually disappointed in the size of Jerusalem, though its general aspect is quite picturesque. But a near acquaintance dispels any impressions of beauty which one may

have conceived. Entering by the Jaffa gate we find the streets are like those of other Oriental cities, only *a great deal more so!* They are not only narrow, filthy and crowded, but many of them are entirely roofed over, passing through houses, and therefore dark and dismal.

We are constrained to ask ourselves, in the words of the prophet, Is this the city that men called the perfection of beauty, the joy of the whole earth, the city of the great King? Surely, Ichabod is written upon every part of it, for the glory has departed.

But, while I speak thus the unvarnished and unpalatable truth, it should be remembered that we have not come to see Jerusalem *as it is*, so much as to muse on the associations of the past, in the midst of the localities made forever sacred by the footsteps of the Son of God.

In connection with the foregoing statements concerning the roughness of the journey from Jaffa to Jerusalem, it should be said that a railway is now in process of construction between these two cities, if indeed it be not already completed and in operation. Much as we may regret such a practical demonstration of the progressive spirit of this Age of Iron, invading even the Holy Land with the sacrilegious screech of the locomotive, we cannot but congratulate tourists who are about visiting those parts on their exemption from the fatigue and tedium of the way experienced by their predecessors.

XVI.

THE CITY OF DAVID.

Among the curious customs of this land is the wearing of loose sandals or half-and-half shoes, which the people slip off their feet on entering a house. It is considered the height of indecorum for one to cross the threshold of a friend's residence with his shoes on. It is not so strange that this custom (which comes down from the ancient time when God said to Moses at the burning bush, "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground") should apply, as I have intimated in connection with our visit to the Mosque of St. Sophia at Constantinople, to sacred places; but that it should be made to govern one's movements in entering a private house seems to us singular. The sight of a row of shoes by the doorway is somewhat amusing. One cannot help wondering in case of a large party how the men manage to keep their sandals from getting so mixed up with those of their neighbors, that each shall be unable to identify his own property. Another funny specimen of foot-gear is what goes by the name of *kob-kobs*, consisting of a flat wooden sole held to the foot by a leather band across the toes and supported at a height of about six inches above the ground by a couple of perpendicular pieces of wood. These are used principally in wet weather.

The chief advantage accruing from the kob-kobs is confined to short people, for six inches added to the stature of one of this class may be considered quite sufficient to make a tall man of him. But the trouble of navigating with such encumbrances on the feet is rather too great to allow of an American trying to introduce the fashion into his own country. The Orientals are a slow moving people; as for us, we should in our hurry and drive find such stilted shoes as these entirely useless.

I have alluded to the praying done by the Moham-medans on ship-board. It is interesting to stand near one of the mosques (of which there are many in Jerusalem) at the hour of prayer and listen to the *muezzin* as from his high station at the top of the minaret, in loud and ringing tones he calls the people to their devotions. And it matters not where the faithful Moslem may be, walking the street, or plying his trade or driving his camel, down he falls upon his knees and prays.

We find on reaching this land that the great Fast of *Ramadan* (so called from the ninth month in the Mohammedan year), is in process of observance. During the continuance of this Fast the people do an unusual amount of praying and abstain rigidly between sunrise and sunset, each day, from food and drink; but while a few of the most devoted ones observe the same rule of prayer and fasting through the night, most of them square the account by giving way to unusual indulgence after sunset and actually make night hideous with their revelry.

It seems pitiful indeed, to find that the government which represents all this superstition and religious fanaticism holds the reins of power in this, the city associated with so many incidents in the life of Jesus Christ, and especially with the closing scene of His sacrificial death upon the cross of Calvary. Yet so it is and has been since the 16th century, in possession of the Turks, having changed its Moslem masters many times, for four centuries previous to 1517, and antecedent to that taken in 1099 by the Crusaders, who rescued the city from the Saracens, into whose hands it had fallen in 1076, they having captured it from the Romans. Though the Turkish Sultan is the ruler of the land to-day, much freedom is allowed to other religious sects in Jerusalem, as appears from the fact that the Jews have their synagogues here, and Latin and Greek Catholics, besides Armenians their houses of worship. Moreover the rights of each are respected.

“The city lieth four square.” Though not precisely equilateral or rectangular, the walls (for it is a walled city, with numerous towers or bastions) form a quadrilateral. They are not a powerful means of defence however, being but thirty to forty feet high and of no very solid construction. A park of our modern artillery would make a breach in them in short metre. We enter (as I have said), by the Jaffa gate or Tower of David, from the west. On the north is the Damascus gate, on the east, St. Stephen’s gate, and on the south, Zion gate. The city is much smaller than one would naturally suppose from the impres-

sions which had been formed in his mind by reading of it—not more than three to four miles in circumference, and a mile or so in a straight line from side to side. Securing accommodations at the Prussian Hospice, where the charges are far more moderate than at the Mediterranean Hotel, we ascend to the roof of the building and survey the scene. The houses are built uniformly of the limestone of the country, square, two-storied, with dome-shaped roofs. On the east is the Mt. of Olives, and on all sides are hills, reminding us of the beautiful words of David: “As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people, from henceforth even forever.” Jerusalem stands on an elevated plateau, 2500 feet above the sea, with deep ravines surrounding it. With the exception of the Mount of Olives, the eminences are only hills, and not much higher than the level of the city.

Calling upon the American Consul we secure the services of his *cavass* or guard, who, wearing his sword and bearing the staff of office, conducts us to the building used as barracks for the Turkish soldiers, occupying the site on which once stood the Castle Antonia where Paul was taken after his arrest and from the steps of which he made that thrilling speech to the people recorded in Acts 22: 1-21. Here, mounting the roof, we look off into the great area or enclosure, in the midst of which, on the very ground whereon once stood Solomon’s magnificent Temple, now the mosque of Omar, a curious octagonal structure with its graceful dome, rears its stately form. It

is evident that the predictions of Christ, with reference to the Temple, have been fulfilled, for not one stone thereof has been left upon another. When the Roman general Titus captured the city, A. D. 70, after subjecting the inhabitants to all the horrors of a long siege with its attendant scourges, famine and pestilence, causing the death, it is said, of something like a million people, he razed this edifice to the ground and carried back to Rome, as trophies of war, the sacred vessels which he found therein. As for this famous mosque of Omar, I am unable to give any account of its interior from personal observation, for being an exceedingly holy spot in Moslem eyes, it is only with great difficulty, or by the payment of heavy *backsheesh*, that admittance is granted to the "gentiles."⁴ So we pass on, satisfied with the exterior view of its walls.

Returning we wend our way along the *Via Dolorosa* (the supposed route followed by our Lord from the hall of judgment to the mount of crucifixion), to the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, a building rather imposing but quite dilapidated from the many vicissitudes through which it has passed. It is said to have been first erected by the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine, in the year 326; destroyed in 614 by the Persians; rebuilt and destroyed again by Hakim in 1010; rebuilt by the Crusaders in 1103; reduced to ashes by fire in 1808; rebuilt in 1810, and so it continues to this day. It is probable, from the air of hoary antiquity that pervades this building within and without, that a portion of the original material

which entered into its construction remains incorporated in the present edifice. Three rival sects, Latin, Greek and Armenian, are tolerated within its walls, and are permitted to maintain public worship in separate chapels of their own, in the same great building. And what is more, within distinct hearing of each other, and simultaneously they say their masses and chant their litanies, evidently using their best lung-power to see which can make the most noise, and so compel the others to keep quiet, until the strongest party has had his own way and retired from the field. The natural effect of all this religious rivalry is fearfully bewildering and confusing to the visitor. I am inclined to give the palm to the Greek Catholics who have "stolen a march" on their Latin and Armenian brethren, by providing themselves with a large organ which is going at full blast all the time that we remain in the building, to the utter dismay of their fellow worshipers, whose pulmonary powers stand no chance when brought into competition with the bellows of a pipe organ. A guard of Turkish soldiers is kept constantly at the entrance to the Church to keep the peace. To the devout Christian a visit to this place is productive of far more pain than pleasure. Underneath the dome (the building being a rotunda with side chapels), is the reputed sepulchre of Christ, consisting of a small stone temple-like structure, into which you pass through a very low portal and find yourself in a small room about six feet by seven, lighted with many gold and silver hanging lamps, a marble couch on which the dead Christ is said to have lain, occupying nearly all the

space. Descending into the crypt of one of the chapels, aforesaid, the guide shows us the place where Helena found part of the *true* cross. But why should we give heed to these vain traditions and superstitions of men? There is not the remotest probability that the cross originally stood here. The main division of opinions is between two sites, a half mile or more distant from this spot; one locating Calvary outside the walls near St. Stephen's gate, the other near the Damascus gate. It is not certainly known and never will be, just where Christ was crucified or buried, and we may well believe that God has concealed these and many other sacred localities from the knowledge of men, lest they should be tempted to attach undue reverence to the *material* adjuncts and surroundings of Christ's sojourn on earth, to the detriment of the *spiritual* meaning of the great truths He came into the world to proclaim.

We visit the wailing-place of the Jews in the south-east part of the city, over against the ancient wall of the Temple enclosure, only a fragment of this wall, say 150 feet long and 20 feet high, standing exposed to view. The stones are very large and hewn with beveled edges, dating, it is thought, from the days of Herod, if not earlier. Here the Jews assemble every Friday afternoon and weep over the ruins of the holy and beautiful house in which their fathers worshiped. And while they weep they chant in mournful cadences from the 79th Psalm: "Oh! God, the heathen are come into thine inheritance; thy holy temple have they defiled; they have laid Jerusalem in heaps." Near this place, in a continuation of the wall, we find

the beginning of an arch, a few immense stones belonging originally to a bridge which connected Mt. Zion with Mt. Moriah across the Tyropæon valley. According to the best calculations, this bridge must have been 350 feet in length and supported by five arches.

Near Zion gate is situated the lepers' quarters. As we pass by their huts we catch a glimpse of a few victims of this fearful disease, with parts of their bodies eaten away by its ravages; the same malady which afflicted Naaman, the Syrian, in the days of Elijah; the same which Christ healed in so many instances. Yes, here it is, still consuming the poor bodies of dying men. Surely, it is a perfect type of the moral leprosy *sin*, not only in its terrible effects but also in the tenacity and longevity of its hold upon the race.

The contrast between the Jerusalem in which Christ sojourned and the city which we visit to-day, is unspeakably great. Words are inadequate to describe it. If any of my readers would receive a correct impression of the change which has been wrought here in the eighteen centuries past, let them embrace the first opportunity to examine Selous' two great paintings—Ancient and Modern Jerusalem—paintings which represent the facts with great artistic power and historic accuracy.

"Oh! Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thee, even as a hen gathers her brood under her wings, but ye would not; behold your house is left unto you desolate."

XVII.

ROUND ABOUT ZION.

About half a mile north of Jerusalem are the tombs of the Kings—large, subterranean vaults hewn out of the limestone rock, which we enter by a very low and narrow door. We crawl through the opening on hands and knees, and examine the apartments with the light of a torch. We should be more interested in the exploration if we could be informed what kings were once buried here, if any, but nobody seems to know. There are no indications of sarcophagi or human remains in the vaults, but they have evidently been used as a burying place, or at least, were constructed with that design in view.

Passing down to the valley of Hinnom by the lower pool of Gihon, we come to a building called the tomb of David, though it looks no more like a tomb than an ordinary dwelling house. The same uncertainty with reference to the identity of the place attaches to this as to so many other localities in and around the holy city. This reputed tomb of David is a very sacred spot, and no Gentile is admitted within the consecrated enclosure. We are told of one lady, however, daughter of Dr. Barclay, the American Consul at Jerusalem, who, by a device of womanly strategy secured an entrance, once upon a time, but no one has dared to imitate her example.

In the second story of this building is the room called *cenaculum*, or supper room, connected *by tradition* with the last Passover which our Lord ate with his disciples.

Thence we descend into the valley of Jehoshaphat, on the easterly side of the city. Here we find the pool of Siloam still sending forth its sweet, clear waters "fast by the oracles of God." This locality is really *genuine*. To this spring repaired the blind man whose eyes Christ annointed with clay; hither he came at the bidding of the Master and washed and went away rejoicing in the power of sight. The spring is situated at one end of an excavation, walled up on either side, and somewhat dilapidated in its masonry, so that we have to descend about fifteen feet over rough stones in order to stoop down and scoop up in our cup a good draught of the refreshing water. We find this pool spoken of in the book of Nehemiah (3:15), where it is stated that "Shallum, the son of Col-hozeh, (445 B. C.) built the wall of the pool of Siloah by the king's garden, and unto the stairs that go down from the city of David." Near by is a little village or collection of hovels, called Siloam, where, as we pass by, a company of wailing women attracts our attention. A child of one of the families of the place is dead and this is the performance of hired mourners, according to the custom of the country. Forming a ring of about thirty women they keep moving in the circle, round and round, uttering discordant cries and shrieks, tearing their hair and beating their breasts, while to increase the

din, a man sitting near pounds away on a *tom tom* or rude kind of drum.

Further up the valley we come to the tomb of Zechariah and St. James, structures of some beauty and symmetry, cut out of the rock. The pillar of Absalom is more like a solid monument than an obelisk, with curious conical top and broad square base. Against this lies a large heap of loose stones, cast up by the people as a symbol of the contempt in which they hold the memory of him who rose in rebellion against his royal father and drove him a fugitive, from his throne. This is a common custom of the land. In journeying through the country the traveler finds not infrequently a pile of stones marking the last resting place of some one who has led a wicked life.

The sides of this valley are dotted all over with grave stones, a strong conviction possessing the Jews that those who are buried here will be the first to come forth at the sound of the Archangel's trumpet on the resurrection morning. The origin of this superstition seems to be found in the third chapter of Joel's prophecy, at the twelfth verse, "Let the heathen (better translated *nations*), be wakened and come up to the valley of Jehoshaphat; for here will I sit to judge all the nations round about."

A little way beyond Absalom's pillar is the reputed garden of Gethsemane. Whether or not it be the true locality, we are unable to say, for opinions differ; but it seems to us at least, very probably the identical spot where "the suffering Saviour prayed alone." It is enclosed by a high stone wall (since

replaced by a wooden fence), of course modern in its construction. Within are seven very ancient olive trees. The brook Kedron, across which the Saviour went "on that last night when he was betrayed," still flows down the valley during and after the winter rains, but the river-bed is dry in the summer.

We now ascend the Mount of Olives (what we would call in America a good sized hill), the summit of which is, I should say, about 600 feet from the level of the valley, and about 200 feet above the city. From this point we have a commanding view of Jerusalem and its environs. On the eastern slope of Olivet is situated a small village occupying the site of ancient Bethany and now bearing the Arabic name *Elazir*, or Lazarus. The people pretend to indicate the tomb or excavation in the rock where lay the dead body of him whom the mighty man of Galilee raised to life after he had been four days dead. But there is no certainty in the matter.

In laying our plans for a visit to the Jordan we are so fortunate as to "hit upon" the time of the annual pilgrimage of the Greek Catholics to that sacred river. With the company of two young Germans whose acquaintance we have made at the Hospice, we join ourselves to the caravan as it moves out of St. Stephen's gate, down the valley, up the mountain, and so on past Bethany down and down toward Jericho. I emphasize the word *down* because the descent from Jerusalem is so great. As already stated, the holy city is 2,500 feet *above* the Mediterranean, and the valley of the Jordan is 1,300 feet *below* the sea

level, making the whole descent, as you see, nearly 4,000 feet in a distance of about ten miles. The road is rough and wild, in some places surrounded by walls of rock and admirably adapted as a hiding place for thieves, who still, as in the time of Christ, infest this route. After a ride of about three hours, in the course of which we are more interested in watching the movements of our caravan (numbering about a thousand people—men, women and children—riding mostly upon camels, a few like ourselves preferring horseback to the “sea-sick” swing of the dromedary), than in studying the features of an uninteresting country, we reach the edge of the mountains whence the outlook is extensive and grand, where, too we descry the course of the Jordan, not by a view of its waters but by noting amidst a sterile plain the line of verdure produced by its irrigation. From this point the road is precipitous as it winds into the valley. Soon we reach our destination and find a tent already pitched for us by our dragoman, whom we had sent ahead to prepare the way before us. We are close to the encampment of 400 Turkish soldiers whom the government details as a guard to the caravan. This, with the tents of the pilgrims, makes quite an array. So all our surroundings are grand and imposing. Sitting in our tent door we are in full view of Mt. Quarantana, so called from the tradition which associates it with the forty days temptation of Christ in the wilderness. About a mile northward we find the spring Ain es Sultan, whose bitter waters were healed by the prophet Elijah. Our camp is situated on the

supposed site of Jericho, not a stone of which remains. Though it was called the city of palms not a tree of any kind is visible. One of our German friends had made no preparations for lodging on the plains, supposing that he could procure comfortable apartments in the *Jericho hotel*, but having reckoned without his host he is glad enough to find room for the sole of his feet and the crown of his head under our protecting canvas.

The Jordan valley is ten miles wide, with the mountains of Moab on the east and those of Judea on the west. Having slept under the bright shining stars as soundly as the occasional braying of an ass tethered outside our tent would permit us, we find before daybreak, the whole camp astir and the pilgrims beginning their march to the river. In two hours from the start we stand "on Jordan's stormy banks," a swift flowing but muddy and turbulent stream, about forty yards wide at this point where the children of Israel are supposed to have made their crossing. Not far from here too, it is thought that Jesus was baptized of John. A luxuriant growth of water willows, tamarisks and oleanders, forms a pleasant contrast to the desert land around. We watch with eager interest while the pilgrims bathe in the sacred river, thinking thereby to render themselves holy, their bodies being wrapped in clean white sheets which they carry home with them and lay away for use as their shrouds after death. Leaving the multitude thus engaged, a few of us Franks (so the Orientals call Europeans and Americans) with

three Bedouin horsemen and two mounted Turkish soldiers as a guard, gallop down the plain till we reach the shore of the Dead Sea, a sheet of water forty miles long and varying in width from three to eight miles. Though the specific gravity of the lake is very dense, its surface we find ruffled by a slight breeze and rolling in quite a respectable surf. The color is a rich and beautiful blue, but the *taste* is far from beautiful, being intensely salt and bitter. The eastern and western shores are lined with precipitous mountains, rugged and scarred with volcanic action. But as the sun is getting high it becomes us to remember the injunction, "Tarry not in all the plain," so turning our faces away from this scene of mingled beauty and desolateness, which with its memories of Lot's escape from Sodom and the destruction of the guilty city seems to typify God's mercy and His wrath, we hasten back to our camping ground, noticing on the way some splendid feats of horsemanship, performed by the Bedouins, who holding lances some fifteen feet long in the right hand and the reins in the left, set their steeds flying in one direction, then bringing them to a sudden stand-still dart off at right angles to their former course without losing a moment in the change.

Spending another night on the site of Jericho we remind ourselves that not far from this place Elijah was taken up to heaven in a chariot of fire; that the walls of this city fell after they had been compassed about seven times by the priests, also that here the blind men sat by the gate when Jesus came that way

and healed them. We omit particulars of our return to the city, except to say that the pilgrims are received by the Jerusalemites with great acclamations of joy and welcome.

We take a trip the next day down to Bethlehem, only three miles distant, passing as we enter, a small structure known as Rachael's tomb. Here is the Church of the Nativity, built by the Empress Helena, A. D. 327, a stately edifice enclosing the supposed locality of the Saviour's birth. Descending by a staircase into the crypt, we find a small apartment lighted by many hanging lamps, on the floor of which is a beautiful circle of inlaid marble, and in the centre of that circle a golden star, indicating the spot over which the Star in the East rested. On the other side is a small cavity in the rock which the monks call the manger in which the infant Jesus was laid. There is much superstition about all this, but we feel that the place is holy ground, for here was indeed born a "Saviour which is Christ, the Lord." These hills around are the same ones where the shepherds were keeping watch over their flocks on that night when there shone a supernatural light and the angels chanted the world's first Christmas carol.

From Bethlehem to Jerusalem (the manger to the cross), we retrace our way full of sweet thoughts of Him who died for us all that He might reconcile us to God. We look beyond the cross to the resurrection, and beyond that to the ascension, and rejoice that He ever liveth at the right hand of the Father to make intercession for us.

Whatever may be the drawbacks incidental to a journey to this land, one can never visit Palestine without receiving a vivid and indelible impression of the *reality* of the life of Jesus Christ on earth.

And here I bid my readers a tender *adieu*, with the expression of the earnest hope that when life's journey is over we may all find a mansion awaiting us in the *New Jerusalem* above.

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